

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1850.

RECOLLECTIONS OF PROFESSOR CALDWELL.

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BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.
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In a beautiful grove, on a lofty hill, dividing the waters of the Androscoggin from those of the Kennebec, and overlooking a delightful country for thirty miles in every direction, the Christian people of the central portion of the Maine conference of the Methodist Church were assembled, nearly thirty years ago, to worship God. For several days had the religious exercises continued in order and decorum, but with earnestness and zeal. Several times each day had the people been called by sound of trumpet to the seats before the rustic stand, to listen to words of instruction and exhortation from the servant of the Most High, who discoursed of repentance, of faith, and of salvation. When the public addresses for the day were ended, the people would retire to their family tents, and spend an hour in confession, prayer, singing, and recital of religious experience. On some occasions, after public service at the stand, the people would gather around the rude altar, or in a circle in some convenient part of the sacred ground, and engage in a public prayer meeting. Many a heedless sinner had been awakened to serious reflection, many a humble penitent had received the joy of Divine love, and many a Christian had been strengthened in faith and in love.

The last hour of the meeting had arrived. It was a bright morning of early autumn. The people came from their tents, and occupied the seats before the stand. A tall, gray-haired man, with a voice deep-toned and melodious, read a hymn, which many hundred voices united in singing, in such strains of melody as made the old woods ring with joy. He then offered up to the almighty Being, whom the people had come there to worship, a prayer of such fervor and power as produced one universal response, not only from the lips, but from the hearts of the people. After this the people in the congregation, as many as pleased, gave brief relations of Christian experience. Some gray-haired fathers and mothers in the Church spoke concisely of the incidents in their religious history for nearly half a century past. Others, gen-

erally young men and fair maidens, spoke of the light which had beamed on their minds, darkened by error—of the joy which had filled their hearts, sad with sorrow for sin—of the consolation which had been poured into their souls, distressed with repentance. They had, during that meeting, been converted from the error of their ways—had passed from the darkness of nature to the glorious light of grace; and they rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Others arose weeping and trembling, and spoke of deep sorrow for sin, and for neglect of religion, and of their change of purpose, and fixed determination to lead a life of prayer and piety. After the close of these services the people formed a procession, and marched in order around the circle of tents, singing, as they went, one of the beautiful lyrics of Wesley, adapted to the parting of Christian friends. They then, ministers and people, bade each other an affectionate good-by, and in a few moments the forest sanctuary was nearly desolate. Lingered, a stranger as I was, around the spot, I observed a small group yet standing near one of the deserted tents. Drawing near the company, I saw, standing in the midst, a young man, some eighteen or twenty years old, of a most interesting and intelligent appearance. The company consisted of some ten or twelve religious neighbors and friends. The young man, in subdued yet earnest tones, and with manly tears, was deploring his destitution of the evidence of religious experience. Long had he been conscious of the necessity of that change of heart which the Scriptures call the new birth. He had tasted the bitter cup of repentance; but the sweet waters of salvation had yet been withheld from his lips. He had come to this meeting in prayer and sincerity, and he had hoped in faith; yet no relief of mind had he found. He had seen others pass from deep sorrow to ecstatic joy. He had heard them sing the psalm of spiritual triumph, and exult with shouts of moral victory. But he had remained still in the darkness of doubt. And now the meeting had closed, and he was, as he thought, none the better for its services. How could he leave the place without that internal consciousness of sins forgiven—of heart changed—of spirit renewed—of soul converted—for which he had been so long

praying and hoping? He asked his friends to unite once more on that holy ground in prayer for him. They all kneeled on the spot; and the first of those pious Christians who offered up a prayer for the youthful penitent, was an aged lady, who prayed with a fervor, and power, and eloquence, which I have seldom, if ever, heard equaled. After some time spent thus in devotion, the company separated, the young man remaining much in the same state of mind. "Who," said I to an acquaintance, whom I met near the spot, "is that young man?" "That," said he, "is Merritt Caldwell."

"Who was the lady of such eloquence and power in prayer?"

"That was his own mother."

"How then," said I, "happens it that a young man nursed by such a mother, and brought up so religiously, should remain so long in doubt of his religious experience?"

"There is," answered my friend, "a great difference in the development of Christian experience in different minds. Some persons are impulsive in their feelings, and active, sometimes even violent, in their religious exercises. Others are less excitable in their passions, slower in their perceptions, and less vivacious in their exercises. The changes which religious experience effects in such persons, are often so gradual, that they can hardly tell the time of their conversion. This may be, and probably is, the condition of that young man. He will pass so gradually from the darkness of sinful nature to the light of regenerating grace, that he may never know the precise moment of the rising of the Sun of righteousness on his soul. The seed of divine truth sown in his heart will not spring up suddenly, like that sown on stony ground, and then perish before maturity, but it will become a perennial plant, producing in maturity the fruits of goodness and holiness."

The circumstances under which I thus first met him, inspired in me a deep interest in the young man. But our paths of life lay in different directions, and we did not meet again for some two years.

In the winter of 1824 we met again under peculiar circumstances. We had each been trying our hand, our head, and our luck at teaching school. We were some thirty miles apart, and knew nothing of each other, but were both unlucky. We each, after teaching about a month, abandoned the enterprise, one from a failure of health, and the other from dissatisfaction at the condition of things, and we accidentally met, on a cold January day, at the house of a mutual friend. The family where we met was excellent—among the most excellent of the earth—intelligent, religious, and benevolent. They invited us to spend the winter with them, and to pursue together our classic studies, preparatory to admission to college the next summer. They offered us a room in their house, a seat at their table, a place in the family circle with their own children, and a welcome to every thing. Pleasantly passed that winter away. In that high, north-

ern latitude bitter was the cold. Boisterous blew the winds from the mountain sides, and, whirling and whistling, they swept along the valley, hurling the snow into drifts often impassable for man or beast. But it mattered not to us. Ensconced in our snug chamber, with a blazing fire on the hearth, and abundance of books around us, we cheerfully pursued our studies together, through the college course, up to the sophomore year. At evening we would lay aside our classics and mathematics, and mingle with the large and interesting family in social communion. There was the father, a kind-hearted, generous-spirited, and intelligent man, full of years and of honors; there was the mother, a woman of extraordinary talents, combined with uncommon sweetness of disposition, unbounded benevolence, and deep piety; there were the sons, all inheriting the excellent qualities of their parents; and there were the daughters, amiable, accomplished, and well-educated young ladies. In this estimable and happy family we were welcome and perfectly at home. The long winter evenings were spent in free and familiar conversation, or in reading some elegant author by one of the circle, while the others made in turn criticisms and suggestions, or in singing. The family interview was always closed by prayer, in which frequently all the members took part, praying in succession, till the religious feeling would become so intense, that the room would seem a paradise. There was nothing in the religion of this estimable family gloomy, ascetic, or forbidding; all was pleasant, cheerful, and happy. There was no reserve, moroseness, bigotry, or fanaticism, mingled with such religious feeling. Ineffable was the ecstatic pleasure of these delightful interviews. Sweet was the communion of soul with soul—pleasant the contact of heart with heart.

It was then and there I began to know and to appreciate Merritt Caldwell. His mind I discovered to be a gem, and his heart a fountain of sweet and pure influences. We pursued our studies together, compared notes, and aided each other along the way. In the spring we separated on agreement of meeting again at Brunswick, on the day of the next commencement, to resume our studies at college. The holy influences of that happy winter left their effects deeply marked on our hearts. Our religious character had been forming on an admirable model, our social feelings had been enlivened and refined, and our intellectual foundation had been laid, ready for a noble superstructure.

On commencement day Caldwell and I met again; and for three years we occupied the same room for study, the same bed for sleep, the same seat for reciting, and the same table for eating. No two men could be more different than we in physical, mental, and sentient constitution; and yet none ever could live together more pleasantly, happily, and cordially. I never saw in him during the whole three years any thing that had even the appearance of a fault. He was always calm, yet

cheerful—reflective, yet buoyant. He was always gentle and conciliatory, kind and benevolent. His piety was progressive, yet always consistent. He was a correct thinker, though not a fluent speaker. His mind was marked by strength rather than vivacity. He acted from principle rather than from impulse. Yet his impulses were always generous, and his heart always in the right place. He was devotedly attached to the doctrines and usages of his own Church. We were alone in our religious alliances in that institution. We were associated in various societies, and, among others, a *theological* society, with many talented young men of the "standing order;" but Methodist doctrines and Methodist usages never lacked, while Caldwell was there, an expounder and defender.

To college students vacation is a great era. Of our three vacations the most desirable occurred in May. Vacation was the time to go home. But we sometimes spent a portion of the May vacation in a quiet, retired, and rural neighborhood, about a day's journey from Brunswick. By some attraction, electric, magnetic, or otherwise, we generally found ourselves drawn there on the first evening of the May vacation. To reach the place on a straight line we had to travel thirty miles across lots. But a foot journey in New England, in the merry month of May, over green fields, through blooming orchards, by neat cottages, along flowery vales, and up lofty hills, was most delightful. The only obstacle in the way was a river running directly across our path. But as it was, though very deep, narrow, with a big rock in the middle, we contrived to bridge it over the rock with rails. Our journey across the country furnished us deep interest and endless amusement. We had left mathematics, Greek, Latin, and logic, locked up in our room. We took along only our good-humor and buoyant spirits, being careful, however, not to leave our religion behind. We had nothing to do but to be ourselves, and to make our friends happy. Nor did we deem gladness of heart, buoyancy of spirit, and cheerfulness of temper at all inconsistent with piety and devotion. It was in one of these pleasant excursions that Caldwell met, for the first time, the fair, gentle, and accomplished being, who now, with her orphan children, mourns his early departure to the spirit land.

At the termination of our college career, considerations of duty called us far apart. We two were one half of all the graduates the Methodist Church in New England had for teachers in her seminaries. We had educated ourselves on conscientious principles, that we might supply, so far as our talents and acquirements would admit, the pressing wants of the Church. The days of active life had now begun. Caldwell took charge of the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, an institution of a high order, and of great importance and usefulness. He managed this institution with a prudence and efficiency seldom equaled, and never excelled. He proved himself a man fully qualified for any place in which the edu-

cational interests of the Church might require his services.

In 1834 he was elected Professor of Metaphysics and Political Economy in Dickinson College. In 1841, on my way to Indiana, I spent a few days with him at Carlisle. Thirteen years had passed away since we went out together from the halls of Bowdoin College. During that time we had met but seldom. We now met with our families. Our-selves had been college class-mates, room-mates, and constant and unchanging friends. Our wives had been school-mates and intimate friends from early childhood. Our children were all with us, none having then been laid away alone and silent in the grave. It was a happy—a very happy meeting. The past was lived over again. It was all bright and beautiful. No shadow deep and dark had fallen on our souls. A few days of exquisite happiness we enjoyed together, and then we parted, and never met again.

On my visit to the city of Portland in 1848, I was shown, in the Western Cemetery of that beautiful city, a new-made grave, where, I was told, sleeps Caldwell. For the last few years of his life he was frequently subject to attacks of pulmonary disease, which brought him more than once near the grave. But a return every summer to his native hills would restore him. His last attack was aggravated by exposure to a bitter storm, in visiting a neighboring village, to deliver an appointed address on temperance, in which he took great interest. On the return of spring he was too much exhausted by the violence of the attack for recovery, and early in June he fell asleep in hope of eternal life and glorious immortality in the skies.

Of the happy band of ten, who used to sit in social communion around the cheerful fireside in 1834, he was the sixth of the departed ones. And their graves are made far apart. Some sleep side by side in the church-yard near the old homestead, others in the cemetery of a southern city, and "no man knoweth their sepulcher." The survivors of that cheerful circle are scattered far and wide, and the old homestead is desolate.

I have little knowledge of Professor Caldwell after he had become a leader in the educational and benevolent enterprises of the Church. But from the sketches of his character drawn by those who knew him only in the latter days of his career, I have reason to think they never knew him as did his friends of early youth. They describe him as a man of mind. And so he was. He was truly a great man—a man much greater than the public generally supposed. He was not great as a speaker. He never could be called a popular orator; and, therefore, he was not rightly appreciated in this age of "sound and fury." He was great as a thinker—a correct, original thinker. He was great as a counselor, and great as a safe and prudent leader of a great and useful enterprise. But it appears to me that his friends and acquaintances of latter years never discovered, or fully appreciated,

his transcendent goodness. He was not merely a religious man, but pre-eminently a good man. This element of his character, the humane, the kind, the gentle, the good element, might possibly be neutralized by the more active influence of other elements, called out by the circumstances in which his public position threw him. But it was still there, and favorable circumstances must occasionally have brought it into action. It was for his goodness, his generosity, his sympathy, his delicate sensibility, and exquisite taste, that I admired and loved him. We have great men enough, but really good men are not quite so abundant. I like the good man, the philanthropist, the man whose piety is not bigotry, whose religion is not fanaticism, whose benevolence is not selfishness, and whose zeal in Christian enterprise is not Jesuitism. Give me for an associate, for a friend, for a companion, such a man as Caldwell—a man who is highest appreciated by those who know him best—a man who is a better thinker than talker—a man whose virtues are of the quiet, unobtrusive, and domestic, rather than of the bustling, prominent, and “standing in the synagogue and at the corners of the street” kind.

The death of Caldwell at so early an age is matter of deep regret to all who knew his worth. He had but just passed the middle age of man's usual term of life, and had by no means reached the full development of his intellectual strength; for he was one of a class who reach not maturity at a precocious period. He would, had he lived, have gone on increasing in power of mind to an advanced age. He would have done much efficient service in science and Christian literature. And such men are greatly needed in this age. But he is gone—gone early in life to the grave—and left for others the work which he, had it pleased God, would most cheerfully and most efficiently have accomplished.

HYMN.

BY JAMES I. STEVENSON.

Psalm cii, 11, 12.

How vain are all the fleeting joys
On this frail earth below!
They pass—they fade away and die,
And leave us in our woe.
For like a dusky shadow life
Flies rapidly away,
And, like the tender grass that springs,
Wastes in the noontide ray.
But thou, Most High, from age to age
Art ever still the same,
Though worlds in awful chaos drive,
To rend creation's frame.
Long ere the date of time, great God,
Eternal was thy throne;
And in the counsels of thy love
For man thy mercies shone.

CHRISTMAS IN BERLIN.

BY OUR GERMAN CORRESPONDENT.

I KNOW of nothing more interesting to send you, Mr. Editor, from this part of the world, and at this time, than an account of the manner in which the Christmas holidays are celebrated. Your youthful readers may at least feel interested in it, and to them, therefore, I will address myself, promising to send hereafter something more suited to the older ones.

The Germans are essentially a poetical people, although they are dull and clumsy enough in appearance and awkward in manners. They love every thing that is beautiful in nature and art. There is no people so fond of flowers—of seeing them everywhere, made into garlands, and hung on the walls—planted in the miniature flower-pots which they make so pretty, and placed over the doors, windows, and pictures—strewn over the graves of their friends, and laid on the somber car which bears a loved one to the tomb.

This love for flowers goes through all classes of the people, from the poor washerwoman, with her one pale, sickly geranium, to the burgher ladies, with their ornamented stands full of rich-blooming roses and rare exotics. In nearly every window may be seen plants, and often in the blacksmiths' and carpenters' shops, a hyacinth, rose, or geranium, proves that the owners have tastes above their rude occupations.

As with flowers, so it is with music and literature. The Germans are famed over the whole world for their musical talent. I have not yet met with one who did not either sing or play. Singing is taught in their schools as a regular branch of education; and there can be no more delightful music than to hear, perhaps, a hundred young voices swell out together in some grand old German chorus or wild melody. Pianos are almost as common as tables. I have often seen in the houses of comparatively poor families excellent pianos, and heard on them some of the most difficult music of List, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, with every evidence that it had been studied and learned.

There is also scarcely any of their literature which does not abound in poetical and elevated ideas, and no people in the world have produced poetry so noble, so rich, so pure. It must be read in the original to be appreciated; it can not be translated; in no other language can be conveyed the deep soul—the mighty strength of the best German poets.

This innate love of the beautiful, the picturesque, and the poetical, is displayed in all their national customs and family festivities, but in none more so than in the celebration of Christmas. It is a season of great enjoyment for high and low, rich and poor. Weeks, nay, months, beforehand, preparations for it are commenced, and occupy the thoughts of every family. Numerous presents are to be collected, the choice of which is very difficult; to

obviate this, however, in some families, a few weeks before Christmas, each member makes out a list of what he or she would like to have, signs it, and drops it into a box, which is kept on purpose, and which is generally opened by the mother of the family, who then informs the children what to get for each other.

The children in Germany are early taught the reason why Christmas is celebrated; and they believe that Christ is still a child like themselves, and that he sends them the beautiful gifts they receive—that he loves them, has them particularly under his care, watches them, knows all they do, and rewards them according as they have been good or bad. They fully believe all the stories related of his boyhood in the old books—how he played with the children of the neighborhood, made birds of clay, which, as soon as finished, flew away, hid in his mother's hot oven where, of course, the other children never thought to look for him, but from whence he called them to him, and to their amazement they saw he was neither burned nor scorched. Just before Christmas all such stories are related to the children, who take great delight in them.

About a week before Christmas eve itself, the servant or messenger of the Christchild arrives. This is generally a servant of the family, so disguised that the children can not recognize him. In some parts of Germany he is called Pilznickel, in others Rupert, but here Ruprecht. He comes to announce to the children the coming of the Christchild. He enters with great bustle and noise, the children all standing waiting in great awe till he shall speak. He asks them if they have been good children through the year, if they have learned their lessons well, and been kind to each other. He then tells them of various little sinful acts they have committed, which they hear with the greatest astonishment, wondering how Ruprecht should know these things. Sometimes he examines them in what they have learned, and reproves or commends them as he finds they have been idle or diligent. He then takes from a basket on his back, nuts, apples, and cakes, which he distributes to the good, and rods, which he gives to the bad. Some of the little ones try to propitiate him by repeating a short rhyme their mother has taught them for the occasion:

"Christkindchen komm;
Mach mich fromm,
Dass ich zu dir in himmel komm,"

which means, Christchild come; make me good, that I may go to thee in heaven. It is one of the most beautiful and affecting things in the world to see a little creature of two or three years old, lifting up its tiny hands, and with a countenance full of earnest faith, innocently repeat this little prayer.

Ruprecht now warns the children to be very good for the coming week, and then throwing the remainder of his nuts and apples upon the floor, disappears while the youngsters are scrambling for them.

And now commences a week of constant watch-

fulness. The children feel that the Christchild sees them, and they are careful to do nothing which may displease him. Some of them write him letters, begging him to forgive them their sins and send them a pretty gift as a token. Some years ago a gentleman was walking through one of the narrow, obscure streets of the city on Christmas eve, just after dark, when he heard the sound of a feeble voice. He stopped, looked around, and presently saw a child, a little boy of about five years of age, kneeling on the cold pavement in a niche formed by two walls. The snow was falling in large flakes, but the little fellow heeded it not. With hands clasped, and his pale face lifted to the sky, he prayed:

"Christchild! O, dear Christchild! send us bread—bread for my mother and her children; for they are very hungry. I will be a very good boy, dear Christchild, if you will send bread for my dear mother and little sisters."

The child stopped, and after a moment the gentleman, who had been much affected by his little prayer, went up and touched him on the shoulder. The boy did not move. The gentleman shook him, and then the little fellow looked at him but said nothing. The gentleman then took him in his arms, and felt that he was very cold. He carried him into a house near by, and placed him before the stove, and then asked him where his mother lived. This question seemed to arouse the boy. He slowly opened his eyes, and told the street, and the number, and then sank back in his chair again.

"Are you sick, my child?" asked his new friend.

There was no answer for a moment, and then the little feeble voice spoke out,

"I am happy; the dear Christchild is with me. He says he will send my mother bread"—

The last words were scarcely audible; and when the gentleman again took hold of the little cold hands, he found that the young spirit had fled—gone to spend the Christmas eve with the Christchild in heaven. Half an hour afterward, the mother received the dead body of her starved and frozen child, with the bread which, with his last breath, he had prayed for.

A great many such little stories are told by the old Germans, and one is never tired listening to them. Another little boy, whose mother was a widow, and very poor, wrote a letter to the Christchild, asking for a new cloak for his mother, and some toys for himself. He put his letter in the post-office, thinking that the surest way to send it; and then he waited anxiously, but with much faith, for Christmas eve. It came at last, and the boy's delight was great indeed, when, upon answering a knock at the door, he found a basket containing the identical things he had asked for. The singular address of the letter had caused the postmaster to open it, and he was so touched by the child's simplicity, that he bought what he asked for, and sent the basket as we have described.

As Christmas eve approaches, every little heart

beats with anxiety and expectation. The best room in the house has been set apart for the occasion. It has been locked for a week, the key kept by some one who is in all the secrets. A tree has been purchased and set in its place in the center of the room, and the different presents tastefully arranged on tables. These trees are generally tops of fir-trees, or branches neatly trimmed. They vary in height from two to ten or twelve feet, according to the size of the house, or the fortune of the purchasers. They are set on a thick board weighted with lead, and on this board is made a garden, containing a couple of shepherds, a few sheep, a dog, and a stag with gilded horns. This is intended to represent the annunciation of the birth of Christ to the shepherds. An angel with golden wings hovers over the top of the tree as if proclaiming the glad tidings.

As soon as it is dark on Christmas eve, the children all assemble in the hall, or anteroom leading to the mysterious chamber, and wait in silent expectation to see the Christchild, who they believe will pass by with his gifts. At last the door of the long-closed room is suddenly thrown open, and a scene of fairy land splendor bursts upon the delighted gaze of the children. The room is brilliantly lighted; a table or tables covered with beautiful presents stand at one side, while the Christmas-tree soars aloft in the center of the apartment. The tree is crowded with little wax tapers, and hung all over with glittering bonbons and showy toys. The children walk around it, too much charmed even to speak their admiration. I saw one little boy, four years old, who went and quietly sat down at a distance, and then with his head on his hand gazed at the beautiful tree in perfect rapture. After they have sufficiently admired the tree and its decorations, they go and look at their presents; and here is a new delight, from which they do not recover the rest of the evening, and at last they retire to bed at a late hour, and dream all night of the good Christchild and his beautiful gifts.

I suppose that on this evening every family in Germany has its Christmas-tree. Some of them are made of wood, and painted green, and can thus be preserved from year to year, but the most beautiful are of course the natural trees. Poor people generally buy the wooden ones, and sometimes their finances will allow them to get only a very small tree, perhaps not more than half a foot high; but these are dressed up with a few lights, and some gilded apples, and nuts, and thus make considerable show. Christmas would be nothing at all without the tree, its garden, shepherds, and angel, and they would economize the whole year through in order to be able to purchase it. They call Christmas eve the happy evening, and it is so in the truest sense of the word. The purest, most unalloyed happiness exists in almost every family on that evening—the happiness which springs from tender and united hearts. When, in the various gifts spread out upon the tables, each one sees how

kindly their tastes have been consulted, often with how much difficulty and self-denial the presents have been procured, their hearts swell with affection, and tears of gratitude fill their eyes as they press each other's hands. It is then that they virtually resolve and promise to forget all past differences, and in the coming year to bear each other's burdens, to cheer each other on in the rough path of life, and to prepare themselves for the time when they shall be called to Him whose blessed birth they have been celebrating.

THE ALLEGHANIES.

BY HARRIST J. MEEK.

"For the life of me, I could draw no poetry out of a journey across the Alleghanies."—PROF. LARRABEE.

To-day my feet and fancy warm
Upon an Alleghany path,
Where winter wind and August storm
Have shed their unavailing wrath;
And Alleghany hills that stretch afar
Grow dimmer in their summer dye,
Till the last blue and blending bar
Fades to a shadow in the sky.

My rest is in a dell beneath,
Fenced by the forest's clustering throng;
It drinks the mountain's balmy breath
Till burdened with the soul of song.
There the fierce storm-gods howl their vows,
And bid their heaviest tempests burst,
And May's light fingers seek the boughs,
And wake the fairest blossoms first.

O'er every path my feet have trod
The pine and linden shadows pass;
And where we meet to worship God
They darken the unshuttered glass.
No bell rings out its anthem clear
To tell of Sabbath to the hills;
Yet God has planned a temple here,
And God, himself, that temple fills.

I would thy steps this steep could climb,
When midnight meets eternity,
And pours a "poetry" on time,
That ne'er was sung, nor e'er will be—
Pictures that flash and fade again,
Which neither prayer nor power can bind;
Each melting from the earthly chain
Leaves nothing but the links.

"Could draw no poetry"—could taste
No wakening draught at such a shrine!
A temple, bearing uneffaced
Each impress of the Hand divine!
If not within its floors of light,
And roof of living flame imperaled,
Where do the rays and ripples write
"The language of another world?"

THE GARDEN.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY ANNAH.

I HAD long heard of a beautiful garden in a high state of cultivation, and one day I resolved to visit it. It was quite retired, and I had a long walk to reach it. The gardener gave me a cordial welcome, and professed himself ready to conduct me through his grounds, and to answer any inquiries I might make. As I cast my eye around, the most beautiful flowers of every hue met my gaze, and I begged him to tell me their names and history.

"This flower," said he, pointing to one on his right, "is Sorrow; it is of a dark hue, and its petals roll back mournfully as it hangs its head; but I have placed beside it this flower of Hope, which seems to shed a luster upon it, and make it more beautiful." It was a beautiful golden star-flower, and it raised its head trustfully as if striving to hide Sorrow by its brightness. Passing on, he stooped to pluck a weed that had escaped his watchful eye; and as he flung it away, he said, "This weed, called Pride, formerly occupied a large space here; and though I have endeavored to eradicate it entirely, and have placed in its bed a sweet flower, yet it seems to cling to its native soil with great obstinacy." The flower he had substituted in its place was Modesty, a little bell-flower of surpassing loveliness, that drooped its tiny head, and sent forth a pleasing fragrance. I observed a plant that rose but a short distance above the ground, bearing a profusion of green, glossy leaves. The gardener bade me look amid the leaves, and as I stooped and parted them, a delicious odor arose from little clusters of white flowers concealed there. "It is Truth," he said, "a rare plant, and often passed unheeded; but its fragrance is most delightful, and it is an evergreen." Near me was a tall bush, filled with rose-like blossoms, so many-petaled that it seemed there might be no end to their expansion. "I found this," said he, "a wild brier, and I bestowed every care upon it to render it pleasing. For a long time it remained unchanged; but at length it yielded to the genial influence, and now, indeed, it buds and blossoms in beauty." I asked the name of this seeming willful flower. He replied, "In its native state it is called Hatred, but I now call it Kindness;" and then I observed the fragrant, soft-tinted flowers of Love bloomed about and beneath it.

One plant particularly attracted my attention by the beauty of its flowers, which were of the purest white, and so delicately formed that it seemed a breath might destroy them. "That," said the gardener, "is Virtue, a plant that flourishes, and puts forth its blossoms only when carefully nurtured; if neglected but a short time, dark spots appear on the white flowers, and they wither." A tall, shrubby plant was near, entwined by a running vine, with sweet blossoms. "This plant, called

Revenge," said he, "bore dense flowers of a sickly, poisonous odor, and it was very knotted and awkward in its growth. I pruned it with great care, and each successive season hoped to see its gradual change; but it still remained unsightly, and the flowers slightly changed their hue, till I placed beside it this running vine of Forgiveness, which has entwined itself about every part so closely as quite to conceal it, at the same time sending forth a sweet odor, so that I have often thought, as I looked upon it, Forgiveness overcomes Revenge." Just beside this double flower, and almost within its shade, blossomed the large and beautiful flower of Friendship.

The gardener pointed to a space unoccupied, saying, "The uncomely plants of Envy and Jealousy were deeply rooted there. I endeavored," continued he, "by diligent care to render them agreeable; but the effort was useless, and I flung them away, designing to place in their bed the graceful and sweet lilies of Contentment." There was a plant bearing delicate green leaves, and pale blossoms, to which he pointed and said, "This flower is less beautiful than some; but it is very healing; it is called the balm of Pity." As I passed on, an aromatic odor was wafted to me. I looked about to see whence it came, and just beside me observed a small plot of ground covered with a running vine. "Pluck a sprig of it," he said, "and twine it in your hair; it carries a sweet odor with it everywhere, and, to me, makes a fairer coronet than jewels or precious stones. It is Gratitude."

"Here is a perennial plant called Ambition," the gardener said, as he cut away an ungraceful shoot from a stalk near him, "which seems inclined to run up far above the surrounding plants, and to overshadow them with an infinite number of branches, densely hung with green leaves. When closely pruned it bears beautiful flowers with sweet fragrance. I have determined that it shall not grow higher than the one you see just beyond it; for I have made that the standard for the whole garden: its name is Conscience." It was the most lovely plant that I had seen. Its leaves and blossoms were very delicate, and so sensitive that they immediately closed whenever any object came in contact with them, and opened again on its removing. By the pre-eminence of its beauty, and gracefulness, and odor, it seemed well suited to be a model for its sister plants.

In the center of the garden was a fountain, which sent up a column of water, forming a thousand rainbows, and near by was a summer-house, which we entered. Here, while partaking of refreshments, and breathing the fragrance wafted from the garden, I said, "Kind friend, I, too, would be a gardener, and cultivate flowers as lovely as your own; whence derived you this perfect science of horticulture?" "It is all contained in this little book," he replied, as he drew from his pocket a neat volume, which he begged me to accept. "It has been my daily study for years. The work is of

unquestioned merit; for its Author was a successful and celebrated Gardener. My garden, at first, was quite overgrown with weeds, and wholly uncultivated; but by the teachings of that little book, I have been enabled to make it what you see. I have surrounded it by the strong wall of Faith, and its entrance is through the gate of Prayer. The dews of Grace gently distill upon it, and the showers of Mercy water it. The fountain is living water from the well-spring of Life, and the summer-house of Reflection is for Refreshment. The Day-star from on high sheds a mild radiance upon it, and the Sun of righteousness shines upon it, calling forth sweet odors of praise." I returned to my dwelling, and cast a look at my own garden, and, "lo! it was all grown over with weeds, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the wall thereof was broken down." With a sigh, and a resolution to amend it, I retired by myself to peruse the book which the gardener gave me, and to gain instruction.

PHILOSOPHY.

—
BY HOW. W. F. BIDDLE.
—

SPEAK not of proud Philosophy
To ease the burdened heart;
It bends it to its destiny,
But can not heal the smart.
One single joy it can not bring,
Nor take away a care;
It only plainer shows the sting,
Condemning us to bear.
It e'en would bid us not to love,
And Friendship's claim denies;
And opes its ample page to prove
There's naught in kindred ties.
Perchance it lifts us o'er life's care
That often doth annoy;
Yet while we're proudly standing there,
We're far below its joy.
Hope—the sweet soother of the breast—
The wretch's latest stay—
It frightens from her downy nest,
And drives her far away.
Its stately precepts only chill;
They do not give us peace;
The longing heart they can not fill,
Nor bid its yearning cease.
It does not show the mind a goal,
Where, freed from error, it may rest;
Nor satisfy the thirsting soul,
That longs forever to be blest.
It does not fix our hope above,
Nor learn us how to die;
It can not see the heavenly dove
Descending from the sky!

LIFE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF VIRGINIA.

—
BY HENRY HOWE,
—

AUTHOR OF THE "HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS OF OHIO."

Those who have been bred in, and have not traveled out of, the old and long-settled portions of our Union, can have but inaccurate ideas of the modes of life in its new and sparsely-inhabited regions. And, perchance, when they do gain experience of this nature, they find much to amuse and instruct, not in ascertaining "how the other half of the world live," but in observing how others, dwelling under the same institutions, protected by the same laws, and with the same star-dotted flag waving above, march onward along the highway of life.

In the inhabitants of none will there be found a greater diversity, than between those of the north and east and those of the mountains of Virginia. A great part of western Virginia is yet a new country, and so thinly settled that the population of a whole county frequently does not equal that of a single agricultural township of the former. Remote and inaccessible as they are, the manners and habits of the population are quite primitive. So far are they from market, that the people, in many districts, can sell only what will, as they say, "walk away;" that is, cattle, horses, swine, etc. Consequently, there is but little inducement to raise more than sufficient grain for home consumption, and next to none for enterprise on the part of the agriculturist. For foreign luxuries, as sugar, tea, coffee, etc., the mountaineer is obliged to pay an enormous advance in the heavy cost of transportation; but, graduating his desires to his means, he leads a simple, yet manly life, and breathes the pure air of the mountains with the contented spirit of a free-man.

Thus the inhabitant of these elevated regions is almost perfectly independent. The cares, the fruits of a more luxurious state, the turmoil of business, the follies of fashion, the struggles for social supremacy, all these to him are things unknown. He has heard of cities, of their wonders of art, of their magnificent temples; but, untraveled as he is, these reports fall upon his ears almost like revelations from another world.

Here many a young man, with but few worldly goods, marries; and, with an ax on one shoulder, and a rifle on the other, goes into the recesses of the mountains where land is of no market value. In a few days he has a log house and a small clearing. Visit some such on a fine day, when thirty years have rolled past, and you will find he has eight or ten children—a hardy, healthy set—thirty or forty acres cleared, mostly cultivated in corn; a rude, square log bin, built in cob-house fashion, and filled with corn, will stand beside his cabin; near, a similar structure contains his horse; scattered about are half a dozen hayricks, and an immense drove of swine will be roaming in the adjacent forest; and if it is what is called "*mast-year*"—that is,

when the woods abound in nuts, acorns, etc.—these animals, swelling with fatness, will display evidence of good living.

Enter the dwelling. The woman of the house, and all her children, are attired in homespun. Her dress is large and convenient, and, instead of being closed by hooks and eyes, is buttoned together. She looks strong and healthy; so do her daughters; and rosy and blooming as "flowers by the wayside." The house and furniture are exceedingly plain and simple, and, with the exception of what belongs to the cupboard, principally manufactured in the neighborhood. The husband is absent hunting. At certain seasons, what time he can spare from his little farm, he passes in the excitement of the chase, and sells the skins of his game.

Soon he enters with a buck or a bear he has shot—for he is a skillful marksman—or, perhaps, some other game. He is fifty years of age, yet in his prime—a stout, athletic man, robed in a hunting-shirt of picturesque form, made, too, of homespun, and ornamented with variegated fringe; and a pair of moccasins are on his feet. He receives you with a blunt, honest welcome, and as he gives you his hand his heart goes with it; for he looks upon you as a friend. He has passed his life in the mountains among a simple-hearted people, who have but little practical knowledge of the deceit which those living in luxurious, densely-populated communities, among the competitive avocations of society, are tempted to practice. His wife prepares dinner. A neat, white cloth is spread; and soon the table is covered with good things. On it is a plate of hot corn bread, preserves of various kinds, bacon, venison, and perhaps bear's meat. Your host may ask a blessing—thanks to the itinerating system of the *Methu* lists, which has even reached this remote spot!—his wife pours you out a dish of coffee—the greatest luxury of the country; it is thickened with cream, not milk, and sweetened with sugar from the maple grove just front of the house. The host bids you help yourself, and you partake with a relish you never had at Astor's.

Now mount your nag and be off! As you descend the mountain path faintly discerned before you, and breathe the pure, fresh air of the hills, cast your eyes upon one of the most impressive scenes; for Nature is there in all her glory. Far down in the valley, to the right, winds a lovely stream; there hid by the foliage overarching its bright waters; anon it appears in a clearing; again concealed by a sweep of the mountain you are descending; still beyond it reappears, diminished to a silvery thread. To the right and front is a huge mountain, in luxuriant verdure, at places curving far into the plain, and at those points and at the summits bathed in a sea of light; at others, receding, thrown into dark, somber, forbidding shades. Beyond are mountains piled on mountains, like an upthrust ocean of ridges; these melt, by distance, into fainter and still fainter hues, till sky and mountain, assuming the same delicate, ethereal tint of

lightest blue, appear to meet as one, far, far away, at the outer line of the visible world.

High in blue ether float clouds of snowy white; and in majestic flight sails the bird of the mountain with an air wild and free as the spirit of liberty. How every thing is rejoicing all around! Innumerable songsters are warbling sweetest music; those wild flowers, with scarce the morning dew from off their lips, are opening their bright cheeks to the sun; and even the tiny insects flitting through the air, join in the universal halleluiahs.

Now, fast losing the scene, you are entering the dark, solemn forest. Soon you are at the base of the mountain, when, from the copse, outstarts a deer! The graceful, timid creature, pricks up her ears, distends her nostrils in fear, gathers her slender limbs for a spring, pauses for a moment, and then suddenly bounds away, over hillocks and through ravines, and is seen no more. The stream, broad and shallow, is wending its way across your road with gentle murmurings. Splash! splash! goes your horse's feet in the water; forty times in ten miles does it cross your road, and in various places for hundreds of yards your course is directly through it. There are no bridges across it, and next to none in western Virginia.

* * * * *

The above picture of a mountaineer, with the sketch of the wild and romantic scenery in which "he moves, lives, and has his being," is a common, though not a universal one.

These mountain fastnesses contain much latent talent, requiring opportunity only for development; but the sparsely-settled condition of the country prevents such from being given. Many of the people are of Scotch Irish descent, possessing the bravery and other noble traits of their ancestry. Almost entirely isolated from the world, fashion has not stereotyped manners, modes of thought, and expression; hence, striking originality in ideas and ingenuity in metaphor, often are displayed. Not unfrequently, in the presence of some one of these unlettered men, have I been humbled in view of an intellect naturally far my superior; an intellect seizing subjects with an iron grasp, perceiving clearly, comparing accurately, combining strongly, and although expressing uncouthly, yet with a power that many a one who has passed his days in academic groves could not equal. Such is the influence of *isolation*, that, whether seen in the elevated or lowly, in the man of elegance or the rude mountaineer, we instinctively bow in deference.

* * * * *

Toward the close of an autumnal day, in the year 1843, while traveling through this thinly-settled region, I came up with a substantial-looking farmer, leaning on the fence by the roadside. I accompanied him to his house to spend the night. It was a log dwelling, and near it stood another log structure about twelve feet square—the weaving shop of the family. On entering the dwelling, I found a numerous family, all clothed in substantial

garments of their own manufacture. The floor was unadorned by a carpet, and the room devoid of superfluous furniture, yet all that necessity required to make them comfortable. One needs but little experience like this to discover how few are our real wants—how easily most luxuries of dress, furniture, and equipage can be dispensed with. Soon after my arrival supper was ready. It consisted of fowls, bacon, hoe-cake, and buckwheat cakes. Our beverage was milk, and coffee thickened with cream and sweetened by maple sugar.

Soon as it grew dark, my hostess took down a small candle-mold for three candles, hanging from a wall on a frame-work just in front of the fireplace, in company with a rifle, long strings of dried pumpkins, and other articles of household property. On retiring I was conducted to the room overhead, to which I ascended by stairs out of doors. My bed-fellow was the county sheriff, a young man of about my own age; and as we lay together, a fine field was had for astronomical observations through the chinks of the logs. The next morning after rising, I was looking for the washing apparatus, when he tapped me on the shoulder as a signal to accompany him to the brook in the rear of the house, in whose pure crystal waters we performed our morning ablutions.

After breakfast, through the persuasion of the sheriff, who appeared to have taken a sort of fancy to me, I agreed to go across the country by his house. He was on horseback; I on foot, bearing my knapsack. For six miles our route lay through a pathless forest, on emerging from which we soon passed through "the Court-House," the only village in the county, consisting of about a dozen log houses and the court building. A mile further, my companion pointed to "the old field school-house," in which he was initiated into the mysteries of reading and writing. Soon after we came to a Methodist encampment. The roads here being too rude to transport tents, log structures are built, which stand from year to year, affording much better shelter. This encampment was formed of three continuous lines, each occupying a side of a square, and about one hundred feet in length. Each row was divided into six or ten cabins, with partitions between. The height of the rows on the inner side of the inclosed area was about ten feet; on the outer about six, to which the roofs sloped shed-like. The door of each cabin opened on the inner side of the area, and at the back of each was a log chimney coming up even with the roof. At the upper extremity of the inclosure, formed by these three lines of cabins, was an open shed, a mere roof supported by posts, say thirty by fifty feet, in which was a coarse pulpit and log seats. A few tall trees were standing within the area, and many stumps scattered here and there. The whole establishment was in the depth of a forest, and wild and rude as can well be imagined.

Religious pride would demand a more magnificent temple, where the imposing column and the

showy architrave would betoken the power of man, and the lofty, vaulted roof gather and roll back the sound of anthems. But where could the humble and the devout more appropriately worship, than here under the blue arch of heaven, surrounded by the darkling wood, where the flitting shadow and the falling leaf were constantly reminding of the instability of all things earthly?

How full is nature of such monitions! How solemn these words of the Psalmist: "As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more!"

In many of these sparsely-inhabited countries are no settled clergy, and rarely do the people hear any other than the Methodist preachers. Here is the itinerating system of Wesley exhibited in its full usefulness. The circuits are usually of three weeks' duration, in which the clergymen preach daily; so it but rarely happens, in some neighborhoods, when they have divine worship, that it is on the Sabbath. Most of these preachers are energetic, devoted men, and often endure great privations.

After sketching the encampment, I came in a few moments to the dwelling of the sheriff. Close by it were a group of mountain men and women seated around a log bin, about twelve feet square, ten high, and open at the top, into which these neighbors of my companion were casting ears of corn as fast as they could shuck them. Cheerfully they performed their task. The men were large and hardy, the damsels plump and rosy, and all dressed in good warm homespun. The sheriff informed me that he owned about two thousand acres around his dwelling, and that it was worth about one thousand dollars, or fifty cents an acre. I entered his log domicile, which was one story in height, about twenty feet square, and divided into two small rooms, and no window or place to let in light except by a front and a rear door.

I soon partook of a meal in which we had a variety of luxuries, not omitting *bear's meat*. A blessing was asked at table by one of the neighbors. After supper the bottle, as usual at corn-huskings, was circulated. The sheriff learning I was a Washingtonian, with the politeness of one of nature's gentlemen, refrained from urging me to participate. The men drank but moderately, and we all drew around the fire, the light of which was the only one we had. Hunting stories and kindred topics served to talk down the hours till bedtime.

On awaking in the morning, I saw two ladies cooking breakfast in my bed-room, and three gentlemen seated over the fire, watching that interesting operation. After breakfast I bade my host farewell, buckled on my knapsack, and left. He was a generous, warm-hearted man, and on my offering remuneration, he replied, "You are welcome; call again when this way."

In the course of two hours I came to a cabin by the wayside. There being no gate, I sprang over the fence, entered the open door, and was received

with a hearty welcome. It was a humble dwelling; the abode of poverty. The few articles of furniture were neat and pleasingly arranged. In the corner stood two beds, one hung with curtains, and both with coverlets of snowy white, contrasting with the dingy log walls, rude furniture, and rough-boarded floor of this, the only room in the dwelling. Around a cheerful fire was seated an interesting family group. In one corner on the hearth sat the mother—who had given up her chair to me—smoking a pipe. Next to her was a little girl, in a small chair, holding a young kitten. In the opposite corner sat a venerable old man of Herculean stature, robed in a hunting-shirt, and with a countenance as majestic and impressive as a Roman senator. In the center of the group was a young maiden, modest and retiring, not beautiful, except in that moral beauty virtue gives. She was reading to them from a little book. She was the only one of the family who could read, and she could do so but imperfectly. In that small volume, which, perhaps, cost two shillings, was the whole secret of the neatness and happiness found in this lowly cot. That little book was the New Testament.

I conversed with the old man. He was, he said, "a poor mountaineer, ignorant of the world." He was, it is true; but he had the independence of a man—the humility of a Christian. As I left the cottage, the snow-flakes were slowly falling; and I pursued my lonely way through the forest with buoyant feelings, reflecting upon this exhibition of the religion of the meek and lowly One.

Beautiful are these lines where applied to a similar scene:

"Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride
In all the pomp of method and of art,
Where men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace except the heart:
But happy we in some cottage far apart
May hear well pleased the language of the soul!"

LINES TO MISS M. W.

BY MISS T. A. W.

MARY! there's naught on earth more dear
Than thy friendship is to me;
And while this beating heart is here,
I will be true to thee.

If storms of sorrow round thee fall,
And life's last hopes do flee,
While we are in this world of thrall,
I'll still be true to thee.

Though sickness should thy path o'erspread
With pain and misery,
And every mundane joy be fled,
I'll still be true to thee.

And when cold death shall lay thee low,
And thou from pain art free,
If I am left on earth below,
I still will think of thee.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

BY REV. E. W. ALLEN, A. M.

Who has not heard of James Montgomery? Who has not read and admired his poetry? It is found in nearly every dwelling; and many of the choicest pieces in nearly all of the collections of hymns for public worship, are from his pen. He has long been called THE CHRISTIAN POET. Most of his poems are on religious subjects, and they breathe the spirit of the most refined and exalted sentiment, and of the purest devotion. They evidently came from a heart full of love to God and man. Many a Christian has been cheered on his toilsome pilgrimage by his sweet and hallowed verse. His pure and lofty sentiments have increased and enlivened the devotions of thousands, and, when poured forth in appropriate song, have inspired multitudes of worshipers with a desire to join in the songs of thanksgiving before the throne.

Montgomery is known to the world principally as a poet; but as a man, a scholar, a Christian, and a philanthropist, he is worthy of special regard. He is one of the best men of the age, and very few have done more in promoting the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. He was not "born to fortune," nor was he surrounded by those circumstances in early life favorable to literary pursuits, or that were calculated to bring him into notice. He was poor, and obtained his bread at hard service. His health was feeble; and when at his daily toil he bore strong symptoms of loneliness and poverty. But he had sought and obtained the "pearl of great price;" and this was an unfailing source of comfort to his desponding heart. He was educated at the Moravian school at Fulneck. He early evinced superior powers of intellect and great ease in acquiring knowledge. His unassuming manners, his quiet and peaceable disposition, his love of truth, and his diligence in his studies, gained him much respect and esteem. Here he laid the foundation for a ripe scholarship. While at this school he became pious, and connected himself with the Moravians—a people who, for genuine piety, consistent living, and missionary zeal, have scarcely been equaled since the days of the apostles.

At the age of twenty-two he went to Sheffield in Yorkshire, a town far-famed for the manufacture of all kinds of cutlery, a stranger and among strangers. He had a slight introduction to but one family, and a second he knew but in name. He was only noticed as a common day laborer. Who then imagined that the thin, spare, and feeble-looking young man, with his thoughtful, but downcast look, that was seen in the streets of Sheffield, was destined to attract the attention of the world! Providence had marked him as no common star in the intellectual firmament. His leisure hours were devoted to useful study. He studied books, and men, and things. But it was useful knowledge he sought; for he saw that this only was worth seeking.

Though in humble life, he aimed high for usefulness. He soon began to inquire, how he could best expend his energies for the good of mankind. To be useful was his highest ambition; this seemed to be his all-absorbing idea. His intellectual powers had acquired sufficient development and strength for mighty action. He saw that there were certain reforms necessary to be effected in society, and that there were but few that had the moral courage to engage in the work. Though young, and comparatively without means and friends, he entered the field of contest, not, however, ignorant of the fact, that if he succeeded, the struggle would be long and severe. But he had counted the cost, and was prepared for action. His power soon began to be felt as editor of a weekly sheet, called the *Sheffield Iris*. It was acknowledged as one of the most ably-conducted papers in the kingdom. It took high and independent ground in literature, morals, religion, and benevolence. It stirred the nation's mind. Tyranny and oppression received no quarters. Tyrants trembled, and the proud oppressor found his arrows too mighty. Such truths could not be endured. He was arrested and thrown into prison, where he remained two years. He was patient—cherishing the spirit of kindness toward his opposers. He believed that his cause was good, and would prevail. From his cell he uttered thoughts that pierced many a tyrant's heart, and incited the people to more vigorous efforts in the cause of freedom. After his liberation, he continued his work of love and benevolence. Independent and firm, yet conciliatory and kind. He left no "stone unturned" to benefit the common people.

In 1845 there was a grand *soirée* held in Sheffield, at which Mr. Montgomery was present. His eloquent address on the occasion will long be remembered. It was received amid enthusiastic cheers. In speaking of his labors, he said, "Though I have been the servant of all during thirty years—though I have fought the battles of the people—sometimes even against themselves; for while I was their servant I was not their slave—and have withstood public opinion on several occasions to the peril of my own character, and endangering the property I have been enabled to accumulate by the exercise of my mind, yet I am not the worse for having thus acted. You, or rather your fathers, were very angry with me for awhile; but I stood still till the storm was past, and I again enjoyed the sunshine, as I am permitted to do this evening. I can truly say, that, according to my poor ability, I have studied every opportunity, and not shrunk from difficulty or peril—if I may be allowed to boast of myself—in promoting the moral and religious improvement of the people, the order to which I belong, in which I glory, and respecting which I pray that the people may not have occasion to be ashamed that I have belonged to them."

Mr. Montgomery has been an indefatigable friend of education—his labors to promote it have been unceasing and abundant. Sheffield ranks high for

its schools and higher institutions of learning; but for these advantages it is much indebted to his untiring efforts.

As a lecturer he excels. Crowds gather to hear him. His lectures are characterized by great simplicity, beauty of illustration, and force of sentiment. Though not always profound, yet always interesting and profitable. As a platform speaker, he is often eloquent. At the "anniversaries," and on other public occasions, he is seen with the distinguished men of the nation, pleading the cause of missions and other public charities. The sweet, melting strains of eloquence which often fall from his lips on these occasions are overwhelming. As a preacher, he aims more at the heart than at pleasing the fancies of his hearers. He preaches "Christ and him crucified." The cross is his delight, and he often makes this a theme for the pulpit. He occasionally occupies pulpits in the Wesleyan chapels, where his labors are very acceptable. He usually worships with the Methodists, with whom he lives on terms of strongest Christian affection.

As an author, he is well known; for who has not read in his works both in prose and in poetry? "Those who can distinguish 'the *fine gold* from the sounding brass' of poetry, must place the name of James Montgomery high in the list of British poets." Some of his poems can be read but with thrilling emotions. Who that has read the "*Christian Soldier's Death*," does not wish to read it again? It was written on the sudden death of the Rev. Thomas Taylor, a Wesleyan Methodist minister:

"Servant of God! well done—
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle's fought; the victory won;
Enter thy Master's joy;
The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell—but felt no fear.

At home amidst alarms,
It found him in the field;
A vet'ran slumb'ring on his arms,
Beneath his red cross shield;
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight;
Ready that moment at command
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper keen;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between;
'Twas death to sin—'twas life
To all that mourn'd their sin;
It kindled and it silenced strife—
Made war and peace within.

Stout hearts before it fell,
Subdued by wrath and love;
'Twas dreadful as the flames of hell,
Bright as the beams above:
Heroes were wont to name
The weapons of their might;
This was the brand of matchless flame,
The WORD OF GOD in fight.

Off with its fiery force
His arm had quell'd the foe,

And laid resistless in his course,
The alien armies low;
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss;
But all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,
To meet thy God prepare;
He woke—he caught the Captain's eye,
Then strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit with a bound
Burst its incumb'ring clay;
His tent at sunrise on the ground
A darken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And life's long warfare closed at last,
The soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ! well done;
Begin thy new employ;
Sing while eternal ages run,
Thy Master and his joy."

Perhaps it may not be in strict keeping with our subject to introduce so much poetry here; but the above is so well calculated to show the man, we could not well withhold it. Other poems might have been introduced equally illustrative of his poetical genius. The one on "*Prayer*" will be a favorite one, by all who love sacred poetry, till the end of time.

As a scholar, he is held in high estimation. He is an honor to the profession of letters. He is a sincere, humble, consistent, and devoted Christian. "A man of purer mind, or more unsuspected integrity, does not exist. He is, by the upright and unimpeachable tenor of his life, even more than by his writings, a persuasive and convincing advocate of religion." His personal appearance is thus described: "He is rather below than above the middle stature; his countenance is peculiarly bland and tranquil; and, but for the occasional sparkling of a clear, gray eye, it could scarcely be described as expressive."

He continues to reside in Sheffield, where he is greatly esteemed, admired, and beloved. He is now seventy-nine years of age, but his mind is still active and remarkably cheerful. Though his body is feeble, his mind retains much of its youthful vigor and strength. His sun is evidently setting. May it go down without a cloud! Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, has settled on him a pension of £150 per year for the value of his literary services to the nation. Never was there a pension more justly allowed. It is said to be the most popular pension in the country.

But we must inform our fair readers of the Repository, that he was never married. This, some of them may think, is a blot upon his character. Be it so; it is the only one. He undoubtedly acted in this matter from the purest motives, and, so far as we have learned, he is still satisfied he acted wisely. Here we leave him. Long has he lived, and great good has he accomplished in the world. May we all imitate his virtues, and at last dwell with him in heaven!

THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

BY H. A. H.

"O, deep despair
Held her heart's pulses in a torturing check,
So that her eye was dim, and her cheek pale,
Her brain oppressed as by a weight of ice,
While in her heart the burning current lay,
Like Etna's bosomed lava, drying up
The silver springs of being, and her words
Were sad and incoherent, yet most sweet,
Like the low wailing of a sweet-toned harp
Broken, and 'hung upon the willows.'"

ONE cold evening in January, as the winds were moaning in fitful gusts about my dwelling, drifting the light snow-flakes against the frosted windows, reminding one of the dread reign of winter, I received a hasty message from a friend, informing me of the unexpected appointment of her husband to a distant portion of the continent. And as the party with whom he was to be associated in the expedition were about ready to sail, it became necessary for him to depart without delay, or with but a few brief hours in which to make preparation for his voyage. I immediately repaired to their residence, and found my friend Eliza pale and trembling with agitation, vainly endeavoring to calm the tumults of her own bosom, while she attempted to dry the tears of her two little girls, who stood weeping by her side.

The business in which he was to be engaged was of considerable importance, the accomplishment of which would require months of absence from his family, to whom he was most ardently attached. At length the moment arrived when the fond husband and father must take his leave—must tear himself away from those loved objects that had entwined themselves so strongly around his heart. How pale his countenance! What agitation is depicted there! Perhaps the sad, the startling thought, may have crossed his mind, that he was now leaving them forever. Thrice the apartment was sought where Frank and little Willie were sweetly sleeping, unconscious of the bursting heart that was bending over them, and the burning tears that fell upon their fair young foreheads, as the last kiss of paternal affection was imprinted there. With emotions too great for utterance, he bade his weeping family a *sad, a long* farewell.

Eliza was a Christian. The morning following the departure of her husband, she called her little family around her, and after reading a portion of the holy Scriptures, she reverently bowed before her Maker, and with streaming eyes besought a blessing upon her children, and upon her absent husband. Most earnestly did she plead, that his life, so dear to her, might not only be preserved, but that he might be induced again to seek the favor of his God—the salvation of his deathless spirit. He had once known the way of life—had once been a follower of the Savior. But, alas! the deceptive

influences of the world had allured him from the path of piety.

Time rolled on. Letters breathing sentiments of deep affection, and cherished remembrances of the endearments of home, were often received, cheering the spirits of Eliza, and inspiring the fond hope of being permitted ere long to greet the return of him who was the object of her dearest affections.

It was nearly the last of June. Eliza's health was feeble; and as the morning was warm and sultry, she seated herself in a large easy chair by a window, which opened opposite to her father's residence. Intelligence had recently been received that Col. H. and party, with whom her beloved M. was associated, had arrived at New Orleans, and probably in a few weeks more would reach New York.

While she sat listening to the conversation of her children, who, impatient of delay, were wishing the time to pass more rapidly that would hasten their father's return, her attention was arrested by a messenger handing a letter to her father, while she heard him say, "From Col. H." She at once anticipated ill tidings of her husband, and waited in painful anxiety to learn the confirmation of her fears. Poor Eliza! her fears proved, alas! too true. Her husband could return no more; for he was numbered with the silent tenants of the tomb.

Fearing the effects of so severe a shock upon his sister, Col. H. had written to his father, requesting him to break to her, as gently as possible, the distressing intelligence. After the painful task was accomplished, and she had received the full information of his sudden death, she sank exhausted upon her pillow. Her face became white as the cloth upon which she rested; her hands were clasped upon her bosom; her tearless eye gleamed with a look of wild despair, and her pale lips moved in prayer, as she exclaimed, "Father in heaven, support me." Presently a sweet calm overspread her countenance as she gently murmured, "Angels are all around me."

Some three weeks passed away, and Eliza was still confined to her couch of suffering. Her sweet babes, which had hitherto engrossed so much of her time and attention, were now almost forgotten. Her pleasant smile was gone. A melancholy gloom now rested on her brow. Her words were sometimes wild and incoherent. One afternoon, as I sat by the cradle of her infant, her nurse requested me to take her place beside the sufferer, while she could summon her physician. I hastened to her side, and bathed her aching brow. Her breath grew short; her bosom heaved; and ere we were aware the vital spark had fled; the wheels of life stood still; the crushed, the *broken heart* had ceased to throb.

It was early morning. The sun's first rays were peering through the half-closed shutters of a chamber window, where stood two little brothers, their arms entwined around each other's neck, while their young faces glowed with smiles of joy and sweet surprise, to meet again after a separation of several weeks. A few words spoken, then joining

their little hands, they slowly descend the stairs. Cautiously approaching the parlor door, they pause, as if to gain fresh courage. One tiny hand is placed upon the knob, which, yielding to its pressure, admits those young intruders. Beneath that mirror lies a form, dressed in a robe of purest white. Her hands are gently crossed upon her breast. Her eyes are closed. Her cheek, and brow, and neck, are white as alabaster, and upon her lips there sits a smile as sweet as angels wear. With noiseless tread those infant feet approach; and as they stand and gaze upon that pallid form, a tear-drop glistens in the bright, blue eyes of little Frank, a delicate, fair-haired boy,

"On whom the world had flung
As yet no shadow; but who now looked on
That loveliness of death, as if dark grief
For the first moment with its withering wing
Had swept his young heart o'er;"

while little Willie, with one hand clasped in his and with the other pointing to the object of their gaze, exclaims, in childish, lisping accents, "See! Franky, see! ma died! ma died!"

Poor little orphans! early have your bright eyes been dimmed by sorrow's tears. But yesterday the damp, green sod was thrown upon your father's bosom; to-day the dark grave yearns to receive your mother's lifeless form! O, that your pathway, thus early shadowed, might henceforth be strewn with blessings bright! And while your father's bones repose beneath the tropic's burning sun, where no kind tear-drops, wrung from sorrowing hearts, bedew his lonely resting-place, and while your mother sleeps beside her kindred clay, may He, whose sleepless eye ever watches over their slumbering dust, have you in his constant care, and guide your inexperienced feet in wisdom's narrow, happy path! And when sickness pales your cheeks, and steals the luster from your eyes—when death shall freeze the life-blood in your veins, and still the beating of your pulse, may the spirit of that mother, as a guardian angel, hover over your dying pillow; and, as each spirit flutters from its dull prison-house here, teach its newly-fledged pinions to soar beyond the shining orbs of heaven!

SACREDNESS OF MOUNTAINS.

MOUNTAINS, no less than rivers, have almost always had a character of sacredness attached to them by ancient nations. Upon their summits the Jews, the Persians, and the Druids, of Gaul, Britain, and Germany, were accustomed to sacrifice, while other nations held strongly to the belief, that the ghosts of departed heroes dwelt in the clefts and fastnesses of the highest mountains. The native Laplanders and Greenlanders, at the present day, are of the opinion that the spirits of their deities dwell in their mountains, where they hold convocations, and determine upon the fate of mortals.

RANDOM LEAVES FROM THE PRAIRIES.

BY REV. E. W. HARRISON.

"Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam—
His first, best country ever is at home."

THOUGH we are not disposed to doubt the truth of the sentiment contained in the above couplet of Dr. Goldsmith, yet we think the citizen of the west may with reason boast of his country with its majestic rivers, its broad prairies, and its almost unbounded facilities for all industrial pursuits. If, as Allison has truly said, "in the solitudes of the new world the garden of the human race has been for ages in preparation," it is in the vast plains, which stretch from the western slope of the Alleghanies to the Pacific Ocean, that the most unbounded resources are to be found for the future increase of man; but it is not with the eye of a utilitarian alone that we look upon the west. We love her for the impressive grandeur of her savannas, and the picturesque beauty of her landscapes. It is true, we have no classic fountains, nor streams consecrated to the genius of poesy; but many are the scenes which may be found, that would fire the souls of those truly gifted with the spirit of poetry, and that elevate the thoughts of the Christian to Him whose hand

"Truth heaved,
And smooth'd these verdant swells, and sowed their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests."

To those in the heyday of young life the summer season is doubtless, here, as every-where, most lovely, with its waving fields of golden grain; its gentle breezes; its gorgeous carpet of flowers of every hue—

"Flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations!"

But to those whose minds are tinged with melancholy, or who view the scenes of the great world with sobered and thoughtful eye, nature, seen through the dreamy haze of autumn, is doubly beautiful.

Come with me, gentle reader. If through all the glorious summer thou hast been pent up amid the din of the full city, come with me, and let us revel in those "unshorn fields" of wild sublimity, or quiet loveliness. Let us look out on the face of nature!—this broad prairie, with its gentle undulations, and frequent groves, where withered leaves are dropping silently as the snow-flake, reminding us of our own decay. Look at this prattling, dancing rivulet, bubbling over its sparkling sands; or that bright Desmoines, whose noiseless waters flash in the golden sunbeams. Feel the soft breath of the autumnal breeze that has all day long been dallying with gentle flowers, and now comes laded with the rich fragrance. Listen to the notes of those warblers, poured forth from the branches of yon old elm, where all summer they have found shelter, but must now leave for more genial climes.

Come, gaze on this scene till thy rapt soul drinks in all its loveliness; then

"Shalt thou hold converse pure and high,
With the Great Spirit of the universe;
It shall pervade thy soul; it shall renew
The fancies of thy youth; thou shalt know
Tears, most unwanton tears, dimming thine eyes."

In the fall of 1838 I was returning from the seat of our annual conference. The afternoon was sultry. The sun went down behind an ominous-looking bank of clouds. Volumes of smoke from the burning prairies were filling the heavens; and at nightfall I had some fifteen miles to travel before reaching the place of my destination. On rising the hill out of the low ground, through which I had been driving, a most magnificent spectacle burst on my sight. For many miles to my right the prairie was one continuous sheet of flame, illuminating the murky atmosphere with almost the brilliancy of daylight. A sea of fire, plowed by the wind, raging, leaping, hissing, roaring, onward swept the devouring element. I reached a piece of "breaking," where some emigrant was preparing to make his home, and where the wave of flame had passed, leaving a mass of smoldering stubble.

So intently had I been watching the progress of the fire, that a storm had gathered all unheeded. A few large, pattering drops aroused me, and giving my horse the reins, I hurried rapidly onward. Before, however, I had proceeded far, the storm was upon me in all its fury; and seldom have I witnessed one more furious. The crashing thunder, the lightnings leaping, and darting from the folds of huge clouds, which were driven furiously by the winds, and the descending deluge, conspired to render the scene one terribly sublime. The elements were in conflict, and the earth shook and trembled as under the march of demons. Guided by the instinct of my horse, I at length reached a resting-place for the night. Exchanging for others my dripping garments, after a hearty repast I soon forgot the incidents of the day. Morning arose serene and beautiful. The young day smiling through her tears called the slumberer from his couch, and soon I was on my road and feasting my eyes on scenes of almost Eden loveliness. But, fair reader, the fashion of the world changeth. Mutability is inscribed on all things temporal. The storms of winter will chase the

"Dyes that deck the slow-declining year."

So to human existence old age cometh. May it be no cheerless season to thee!

Dark, stormy winter is here. I wonder not that those who are pent up within the brick walls of a city should represent this as a season all joyless. But I can not so feel. It were a libel on nature and nature's God, who has so wonderfully adapted this outward world to the mental and spiritual. No, I love thee, Winter, with all thy storms. I love thy softly-falling snow, so gently wrapping the world in a pure, spotless mantle. I love thy days of warm sunshine, in which Nature's smiles

contrast so strongly with her frowns. I love to listen to the sound of the woodman's ax, ringing clear upon the keen, cold atmosphere, or watch the springing of the timid rabbit which has not yet sought her covert in the thick hazel, or the gathering of the great flocks of prairie hens to seek their food. Nay, I love to wrestle with thy rude winds, bracing and invigorating the frame enervated by the summer's sun. Who can say thou hast not thy joys, stern old Winter? Surely not that white-haired boy, whose carol rings out so clearly as he hies him to school, thinking of clear, smooth pond and skates when "school is out;" nor yon early hunter, bending his steps to the old forest shade to seek for game; nor yet that bright-eyed girl, who, well wrapped in furs, goes forth by the moon's trembling light, with some chosen one, dashing most recklessly over the white-draped earth to the "merry music of the bells."

To the old and the thoughtful thou bringest joys also, hoary Winter, with thy long evenings and cheerful, blazing fire, for social converse or religious exercises, and he, the man of books, bids thee most welcome. But, reader, hast thou thy home in that world of brick and mortar, which men call a city—where, from gray dawn to star-lit eve, the soul wastes all its bitter thoughts,

"Toiling and panting for a little gold,
Drudging amid the very buzz of life,

For this accursed slave which makes men slaves?"

Come with me, this wintry morn, and look on Nature attired in her most gorgeous drapery. All night the sleet has been driving furiously, and now every branch and twig is bending under the cumbersome load. The sun has just risen, and flinging his lurid blaze over the scene, arrays all nature in a robe of burnished gold; and see hanging pendulous from every stem pearls and jewels of every varying hue. Was ever fair lady robed so richly?

But, reader, to enjoy winter you must come to the west. For freedom from the squalid wretchedness which, in older states, meets you at every turn, and which you may not possibly relieve—for long sleigh rides—for huge, blazing fires—for true social comfort, relieved of the heartless conventionalities of more fashionable society, you must come to the prairies. There is a boundlessness of prospect, nay, a grandeur in our very storms, which is found nowhere else.

But our springs, too, are lovely—sweet, gay Spring, with her budding leaves, and springing flowers, and bubbling brooks, and tumbling waterfalls, and warbling birds. O, how dear this season of reviving nature! And yet spring is a season of melancholy to me. It brings remembrance of a sweet little friend, who in early spring left us for a land of never-fading bloom. All winter, when the light laugh of other children was ringing in the hall, and they were romping in the snow, she would turn from the window with a sigh, and long for sweet spring; and when at last its soft breath and pleasant influences came, they found her on a

bed of death. She lived only to hear the note of her favorite blue-bird, and press with her tiny hand spring's early violet, when her spirit, ere it was stained by contact with the groveling world, returned to God.

And seeing our thoughts are there, let us walk this rural burying-ground, and mark these lowly mounds. Very different this from Auburn Cemetery: no marble slab telling of the virtues of the departed—virtues, perchance, never possessed. And yet even here may be seen the desire to snatch from oblivion the memory of loved ones. Vain effort! The dead, apart from the circle of a few warm friends, will be remembered by the good or evil they have wrought while living. No man can show the tomb of Alexander. The memory of Wesley will live when Westminster Abbey shall have moldered into dust.

THE SEA-GULL.

BY W. F. JONES, JR.

O, bird of the white wave—free bird of the sea—
Where—where are thy castles—the halls of thy glee?
Where seekest thou thy home when old ocean is torn,
And the mad blast to heaven the billows hath borne—
When the cloud in its blackness is frowning and grim—

When the heavens wear sackcloth, the stars fade and dim?

Proud bird of the waters! thou knowest no home;
Thou buidest in air, and thou dwellest in foam;
And the spray of the billow hath castles for thee;
And the paths of the tempest are halls for thy glee.
Thou circlest in grandeur when eddies rush round,
And poiseest thy wing on the surge at its bound;
Thou screamest to the blast as thou mountest his car,
With the winds for thy steeds, to bear thee afar.

When the prince of the storm-cloud in anger doth glow,

And the gods of the ocean are raging below—
When the black breast of Vengeance the whirlwind doth bear,

And its lacings of lightning gleam red in the air—
When the boom of the thunder o'er the billows doth sweep,

And the hurricanes channel the storm-blacken'd deep—

When navies, like bubbles, are tossed upon high,
And the death-rattle echoes the mariner's cry—

In mist of the sea thou hidest thy form,
And wearest the spray-wreath fresh plucked by the storm.

When glassed is the swell of the unsilvered wave,
And the fisher-boat rocks where the still waters lave,
And the nautilus spreads its white sails to the breeze;
When the halcyon is sporting far out on the seas,
In the beach's bright ripple thou plashest thy wings,
And tosses the spray from the shore-eddied rings.

RUINS OF CARISBROOKE CASTLE.

BY PROFESSOR WATERMAN.

CARISBROOKE CASTLE is situated nearly in the center of that loveliest of spots—the Isle of Wight. It is distant from Ryde about eight miles, from Cowes six, and some ten or twelve from Vintner. The castle itself is in the immediate vicinity of the town of Carisbrooke, and about a mile from that of Newport.

Before entering upon a narration of the historical associations connected with this place, I must ask my fair reader to take my arm, and we will first ramble awhile among the ruins as they are.

We enter from the west. The ancient gateway, with its machicolated gate, and portcullis, flanked by two large circular towers, still remains in a tolerable state of preservation. The entire inclosure is situated on an eminence about three hundred feet above the level of the valley below. After passing the wicket of this ancient gate, the castle-yard presents itself to view, with its ruined towers, walls, and battlements; nowhere presenting the imposing and stately grandeur of those of Corfe Castle, but filling the mind with solemn and subdued feelings, approaching to melancholy, as its thoughts revert from the beautiful, even in ruins, to the unsurpassing loveliness of what this must once have been.

"Time, by his gradual touch,
Has moldered into beauty many a tower,
Which, when it frowned with all its battlements,
Was terrible indeed."

We see here no traces of the ruthlessness so fearfully impressing the beholder of those of Corfe; but decay, and the corroding influence of the seasons, have wrought here a gradual work, as though they would leave the impress of each successive step for the inspection of the pensive observer.

On the left of the entrance, are the remains of the suite of rooms in which Charles I was confined; of which more anon. On the right is the chapel of St. Nicholas, now very much decayed, in which, till so late as 1843, the Mayor of Newport and the High Constable were annually sworn into office by the Governor of the island, or his deputy. The pulpit, altar, and pews of the chapel, are nearly perfect, but very much injured by exposure to the weather, the roof having, in several places, fallen in.

In the center of the large court-yard we have entered, stands the Governor's House, or what was such in by-gone days, and which is now occupied by the keeper of the ruins. Passing this we come to the well-house, one of the greatest curiosities of the place. The well itself is some eight or nine feet in diameter, and two hundred and ten feet to the water, the water itself being ninety feet in depth! Of this three hundred feet two hundred were cut through the solid rock! The water, which is very pure and sweet, is raised to the surface by means of a large tread-wheel, worked by an ass.

Some of these animals, it is said, have attained to a great longevity in this exercise. "Of one it is recorded, that it worked the wheel for the space of fifty-two years, and even then died in perfect health and strength, by accidentally falling over the ramparts of the castle. One of its successors was a pensioner of the Duke of Gloucester, uncle of George III, who settled on it an annuity of a penny loaf a day, a bounty which it enjoyed for a long period of years."

Passing from the well, we begin our winding way through shrubbery and ruined walls, to the keep, which is situated at the north-east extremity of the court-yard, on the highest ground within the inclosure. The ascent is by seventy-three stone steps, still in a good state of preservation, though trodden annually by many thousand visitors. Within the building are nine additional steps, leading to the parapet. Here let us sit down and rest ourselves, while the fresh air of a June evening fans our brows. You shall sit in this ivy and moss-covered fragment of the donjon wall, which has fallen; and I will take a seat on the ruins of the parapet close by. How extensive and beautiful the prospect from this lofty elevation! See! here at our feet is the beautiful village of Carisbrooke, with its church erected in 1064, two years before the Norman conquest. To the east is Newport, and the beautiful Medina, meandering through one of the loveliest valleys earth can boast, till it empties itself into the sea at Cowes. In the distance are the spires and tops of the higher buildings of Cowes, with the masts of the shipping in its harbor, from whose heads the stars and stripes and the union jack wave in friendly contiguity; while on the right, almost hidden amid the trees, appear the towers of Osborne House—the marine residence of Her Majesty, the Queen. Behind, and on all sides, the landscape is diversified by hill and vale in picturesque irregularity; while thatched cottages, farm-houses, gentlemen's residences, and government buildings peer out among the trees, adding the charm of variety to the other almost innumerable charms of this *eye of the kingdom*.

And now, gentle reader, while you are enjoying, from your moss-cushioned seat beneath the shade of this fine old ash, the delightful scene, and the thoughts and feelings it naturally inspires, let us review together some of the scenes which these walls have witnessed—some of the events of which they themselves are the mute but truthful chroniclers. The guide-book which I have in my hand shall be our conductor; and if we find any thing erroneously stated, or any thing of interest omitted, we can correct or supply, as we proceed, from our previously-acquired knowledge of English history.

This castle has been supposed to be the work of the ancient Britons. During the time the Romans were in possession of the island, in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, it was repaired and enlarged by those conquerors of the ancient world, about forty-five years before the Christian era. Cordic, the first

monarch of the kingdom of the West Saxons, of which this island was a part, besieged and took the fortress, and bestowed it upon one of his generals—Whitgarburg—who strengthened it, and put it into a good state of defense. The castle afterward bore his name—a customary thing among the Saxons of this period. The term has since become corrupted into Carisbrooke.

The present ruin consists of part of the structure erected, as an improvement to the old fortress, by William Fitz Osborne, one of the principal commanders in the Norman invasion, and on whom William the Conqueror bestowed the lordship of the island, and created Earl of Hereford. The castle and its appendages, after that period, became the property of different possessors. It was rebuilt, in the reign of Henry I, by Richard de Rivers, Earl of Devonshire. It passed into the hands of Lord Woodville, who sold it to Edward IV, since which time it has appertained to the crown. The arms of Lord Woodville are still to be recognized over the large gateway, and on each side is seen the white rose of the house of York. The building having fallen greatly to decay, was repaired, and the works considerably enlarged, by Elizabeth. She likewise rebuilt the gateway, and the bridge at the entrance. On the arch of the gateway is the date 1598, with the initials E. R. 40, being the period of the completion of the work.

At the commencement of the differences between Charles I and the Parliament, an attack was made on the castle by the Mayor of Newport, acting under the directions and instructions of the Parliament. Having made all the necessary preparations, he summoned the castle to surrender. "The heroism displayed by the Countess of Portland on this occasion, is, perhaps, one of the noblest instances of female fortitude on record. The castle had not at that time three days' provision for its slender garrison, yet she undauntedly advanced to the platform, with a lighted match in her hand, declaring she would herself fire the first cannon against the assailants, and defend the castle to the utmost extremity, unless honorable terms were granted. This gallant conduct had its desired effect: after some negotiations, articles of capitulation were agreed to highly honorable to the besieged, and the castle was given up."

From this time the castle was garrisoned by the Parliamentary forces. And ere long this castle was destined to be the place of confinement of the dethroned monarch. His unhappy history, as far as it stands connected with the island, I find thus briefly sketched by a recent writer:

"Col. Robt. Hammond was Governor of the Isle of Wight when King Charles the First took refuge there. Hammond was a friend and dependent of Cromwell's, and the son-in-law of Hampden; but he was also the nephew of the King's favorite chaplain, and on that account the King resigned himself unconditionally into his hands, and looked for protection from him.

"On the arrival of the King, which took place November 12, 1647, Col. Hammond lodged him in Carisbrooke Castle, and treated him, not as a prisoner, but as a guest. The King, however, was not long indulged in this distinction. He was soon afterward deprived of his favorite chaplains and servants—then confined within the walls of the castle, where, during the time of his walking within the lines, 'persons,' says Mr. Jesse, 'afflicted with the evil, continued to resort to him in infinite numbers, and from the remotest parts.'

"After a confinement of several months at Carisbrooke, during which period he made two ineffectual efforts to escape, he was removed to Newport, (1647.) A fresh treaty being set on foot between the King and the Parliamentary commissioners, much hollow diplomacy ensued, which the army put an end to by once more seizing the person of the King. Charles was then removed to London, and soon afterward tried and executed."

I experienced a somewhat mournful pleasure in visiting, in Newport, the house where the royal prisoner met, for the last time, the commissioners of the Parliament. But, if possible, a much more melancholy pleasure was experienced in standing in the ruins of the room whence the unhappy King attempted to escape. The window through which he endeavored to pass still remains. I clambered up the wall, and tried, in vain, to thrust my head through the bars where he made a similar unsuccessful attempt. The history of the circumstances attendant upon his failure, though not new to me, were reperused on the spot with increased interest. They are too lengthy to be narrated now; for, as the sun is setting, and leaving its richest glow upon the towers of Osborne House, and other surrounding elevated structures, it is time to descend from these heights to the tower below.

Ah, here we are in the town again, and at the door of our lodging. So, fair reader, I must say good night.

POLITENESS.

LORD CHESTERFIELD defines politeness as the art of pleasing. Another writer speaks of it as being an artificial good-nature. Both definitions are good; and it would be no detriment to society, if politeness were more generally prevalent. A sour face and distant manners, not only are of no profit to the one indulging them, but they greatly displease all who behold them. To be agreeable, or even to be respected, we must be polite. Nothing was ever lost to any man by exhibiting civility to others. Formality and the punctilios of etiquette are of very little consequence, and it would be no loss to community were they unknown among men; but kind feeling is indispensable to all who would get happily through the world. Cultivate politeness, then, and thus show to others that you are determined to seek the happiness, not simply of yourself, but of all around you.

SONGS.

BY ISAAC C. COLLINGS.

THE ode is a species of composition in which to excel requires peculiar and uncommon talent. Its chief requisites in point of rhetoric are brevity, spirit, and grace. These are often attained separately; but their combination is of rare occurrence. To be brief is to most writers more difficult than it would at first seem. To be brief, and at the same time spirited, is a still harder problem; while to combine with both of these qualities the highest elegance, presents, apparently, a hopeless task. The imagination must be called upon to adorn; but a refined taste will carefully exclude every gaudy and meretricious ornament. A genial sympathy with the better feelings of humanity must be invoked to kindle the flame of inspiration; but a mere mawkish sensibility must be studiously avoided, or admiration will be superseded by disgust.

To captivate the popular ear, every line of a song should glow with living sentiment, and every period be turned with unaffected grace. To become endeared to the popular heart, a song must strike a chord which will reverberate through a wide and universal range of sympathies. Yet difficult as success in this species of composition may appear, it is needless to say that it has sometimes been attained in an eminent degree. The Anglo-Saxon dialect is certainly not musical, if it is not absolutely rugged and intractable; but observe in what gentle and seraphic tones it has been uttered by one of England's sweetest bards:

"Bring flowers, fresh flowers, to the festal board,
To wreath the cup ere the wine is poured;
Bring flowers—they are springing in wood and vale—
Their breath floats out on the southern gale,
And the touch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows."

How exquisitely fanciful the idea, that the rose opens its leaves, and unfolds its beauty to the magical touch of the sunbeam! When the chaplet of palm and myrtle adorn the festal board, and the rose in all its varieties breathes an ambrosial ether around, what heart would not be enlivened at the melody of such a song! But is there no strain except for the gay and joyous? Has sorrow no solace in song? And are even the flowers, those little waifs dropped from angels' hands, to be appropriated exclusively by the gay and the proud? In answer to this question, we may appeal to another strain:

"Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell;
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell,
Of the free, blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye;
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And a dream of his youth. Bring flowers, wild flowers.

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed
A crown for the brow of the early dead.
For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst—
For this in the woods was the violet nursed.

Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift. Bring ye flowers, pale flowers."

Who could have the severity to criticise the minor faults of a female bard, who could thus sweetly and tenderly express the most refined sentiments of our nature? Who, indeed, has ever expressed the hal-lowed emotions of the domestic circle in blander tones than Mrs. Felicia Hemans?

Nor is her only excellence to be found in the gentle and soothing style in which she expresses the joys and sorrows of social life. When her subject demands it, she never fails to rise to the stronger and bolder notes which indicate a more masculine genius: as in the Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers:

"The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

The heavy night hung dark
The woods and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthems of the free."

The grand and stately diction of the verse is here hardly less admirable than the majesty of the thought.

How wise and beneficent the constitution of our sentient nature, which renders us susceptible to the ever-varying influence of song! Discord grates harshly upon the ear, and even unbroken silence is painful. The humming of bees, the murmuring of brooks, the more impressive roar of the distant waterfall, and especially the mingled melodies of the thousand songsters of the grove, all indicate a design to minister to our happiness. It has been a maxim of philosophers, that Nature abhors a vacuum. However this may be, she certainly abhors a perfect silence. Not the stillest Sabbath morn that ever dawned on a New England village—not the stillest night in which the moon ever shone down on a world buried in the repose of sleep, that did not give forth a variety of sounds to the listening ear. Such being the universal music of this earth on which we dwell, philosophers, penetrating with the eye of science the infinite regions of space, and discovering planets and stars revolving in exact periods of time, with the nicest adaptations and fitness of their orbits, in distance and velocity not unproportional to the notes of the octave, naturally enough conceived that even there was harmony, and sublimely discoursed upon the music of the spheres.

The expression of the feelings by song, is not confined to an enlightened and civilized condition of society. It may even be questioned whether the invention of letters and the art of printing has not limited this form of expression. When laws were committed to verse, and every great national event, such as battles and the exploits of heroes, could only be celebrated and commemorated by the songs of traveling bards, and on great public occasions,

such as the Olympic games, it were to be expected that a Homer would appear, whose fame should be contemporaneous only with that of the Achilles whose wrath he sung. So in this age, even on the benighted coast of Africa, among the most degraded races of humanity, the capacity of song to express the sympathies of the heart are not unknown. Mungo Park relates, that when, weary and half-famished, he had laid himself down to die, a hideous object to the black natives of Dahomey, who were horror-stricken at his awfully-pale complexion, there came to him an old negress and her daughter, and shared with him of their scanty calabash of rice, while all night long they sang,

"Let us pity the poor white man;
No mother has he to fetch him milk;
No wife to grind him corn."

Such is always its solace in solitude, or in a straggling land. The wild rhapsodies of the Swiss boy, sung in childhood upon his native mountains, or the equally-wild notes of the highland peasant of Scotland, become inspired with an overwhelming power when repeated on the distant shores of Egypt, or in the far-off wilds of America. Who that has listened to the singing of these songs, has not witnessed their effect upon the lone and forlorn stranger, as at every interval smiles of frantic joy glistened through tears of tender regret, like the beams of the morning sun through the beaded dew-drops upon the grass. In like circumstances, how truthful and tender the words of the Hebrew melodist:

"By the waters of Babylon there we sat down;
Yea, we wept when we remembered Zion.
We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.
For they that carried us away captive
Required of us a song; and they that wasted us
Required of us mirth, saying,
Sing us one of the songs of Zion.
How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

The ability to write a song that every body shall love to hear, and that shall be sung through every land, and handed down from one generation to another, is a rare and uncommon endowment. Scotland has produced but one Burns, Ireland but one Moore, and one Hemans, England but one Shakspeare, and America—she has yet no national bard. Greece in this, as in all arts which adorn and beautify the social life, surpassed every other land; and it will be long ere any people can again boast of three such inimitable lyric poets as Pindar, Sappho, and Anacreon. As in sacred song there was a long interval from David, the sublime harper of Israel, to Watts and Charles Wesley, the semi-inspired psalmists of modern times, so in the gay and festive song was there a long interval from Horace to Burns. For though we have thus ventured to bring together the names of Horace and Burns, neither will suffer by the comparison. Horace was witty, sharp, and salient; Burns humorous and mirthful. The former was more refined and elegant; the latter more direct and artless. The one exhibited all the beauties of genius chastened

and refined by a life-long devotion to the art; the other the splendor of genius uncultivated and unpolished. The one the jewel, encased by the skill of the lapidary, and set in the casket of ivory adorned with gold; the other the diamond, fresh from the quarry, with its rough companions still clinging to its sides, and in a measure obscuring its radiance. Horace, always favored by the proud and noble, and even courted by his emperor, whose name and age he made illustrious, sung the praises of the great in stately and magnificent address. Burns, on the contrary, struggling all his life with poverty, and chiefly associated with homely rustics, who toiled for their daily bread, has expressed the joys of this latter and larger class, with inimitable humor, and their sorrows with tenderest pathos. It is from this latter consideration that he may emphatically be called *the people's favorite*.

But it may be said without disparagement to either, that in their expression of passion both were simple, strong, and vehement, presenting more points of similitude than of contrast. Both loved with fervor, befriended with devotion, burned with patriotism, and despised with hearty goodwill. Woe betide the mean-spirited hypocrite who exposed himself to the sarcasm of their withering and indignant scorn. Still, we must claim that Burns possessed one element in his character, which, perhaps in consequence of his unpropitious destiny, was developed more strikingly than in his illustrious prototype. His life and death were an unwritten but acted tragedy. Often was his noble soul oppressed with heavy sorrow. Hence, there is depth of pathos in his more serious pieces, such as can be found no where else in lyric poetry—not complaint or sullen misanthropy, but deep, tender, and submissive sorrow. This quality alone has endeared the simple and truthful lines of "Bonnie Doon" to all bereaved and sorrowing hearts.

"Ye banks and braes of bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair—
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
While I'm sae weary, full of care?
Ye'll break my heart, ye little birds,
That warble through the flowery lawn,
Ye mind me of departed joys—
Departed never to return."

And in the following, of which I quote only the first verse:

"Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes—
Flow gently—I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;
Flow gently, sweet Afton—disturb not her dream."

Eloquence, a kindred power to song, has been aptly compared to the wide and rapid rolling of a mighty river; but the eloquence of song flows out from the soul like the gentle and intermittent gushing of a rill upon the mountain-side. When Athens was threatened with overthrow by the haughty power of Macedon, did Demosthenes, by his resistless eloquence, arouse the people to repel the bold invader? With how much less energy and

ardor have the brave Scots been inspired to resistance by the soul-stirring notes of

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled—
Scots wham Bruce has often led,
Ye're welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory.

Now's the day and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lower,
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery.

Wha wad be a traitor knave—
Wha sae base as be a slave—
Wha would fill a coward's grave,
Let him turn and flee."

Philosophers and theologians have discoursed in glowing terms upon the noble and divine institution of marriage. The purity of domestic bliss, the tender and affectionate relations of the family have been dwelt upon with mingled feelings of reverence and gratitude. Yet we venture the assertion, that all has not done so much to endear and confirm this holy tie, through all classes of society, as the simple melody of

"Home, sweet home."

He, then, who makes songs for a people is no unimportant personage in the economy of social life. He wields an influence which is obstructed by no barriers of ignorance, power, or caste. The little wave of melody, which he originates, soon permeates all ranks and conditions of the great sea of human life. There is no emotion of the heart, either grave or gay, tender or ludicrous, which he may not excite, no sensibility of the soul which he can not awaken, and no period or circumstance of life which he does not enliven and adorn. The sailor sings at the mast, and the plowboy in the furrow; the lover in his solitary bower, and the hunter on the mountain-tops. Song cheers the peasant at his humble fireside, and the monarch at his royal feast; the prisoner in his lonely cell, and the pilgrim on his weary road. All are alike soothed or excited, consoled or gladdened, by its untold varieties of expression. Like a philosopher, then, did that man speak, who said, "Let me make a people's songs, and I care not who makes their laws."

MANKIND SELFISH.

It is easy to exchange words of sympathy with a friend in distress, and to tell him that there is a day of hope coming in the future; but it is quite another thing to furnish real aid to one thus cast down. Selfishness lives too often sole umpire in the human soul. Riches bind the heart with a chain of adamant. Benevolence would break this chain, and send out the warm gushings of love and friendship; but strong as is its power, it does not always prevail. We live on. We care little for the rubs of the world, provided we are not hurt ourselves. We live, and we die, and we trouble not ourselves about others, so we live happily in, and pass quietly through, the world.

A CHAPTER ON THE EDUCATION OF BOYS.

—
BY AN OLD MAID.
—

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I have not forgotten the question with which, for a time, you silenced my sarcastic remarks on man; and, although you may have thought me dumb-founded, you have yet to learn that nothing is so obstinate or so garrulous as an old maid in supporting her theories upon the proper management of children, particularly of boys.

Much has been said and written relative to the education of girls, the duties of wives and mothers, and the true sphere of woman. The subject is an important one, I admit, but the mind of man has been so long exercised with it, that there is danger of his contracting a one-sided judgment. To remove this tendency, I think it desirable that their thoughts should be directed into another channel; and if the labor of self-investigation is too arduous, I have no doubt that there is many an old maid, who, for the sake of the argument, if from no higher motive, would be willing to aid him by the light of her intuitions. I say intuitions, because the knowledge of ethics is intuitive in the mind of woman. Truth to her is self-evident. For this reason it is often anneringly said of her, that "she jumps at conclusions."

You asked me seriously why I never married. Seriously I will tell you: it was a merely-accidental omission, which I became conscious of too late to repent. I have the greatest reverence for man—or, for my ideal of man—and the highest appreciation of the happiness of a true marriage; but in early life I was placed in unfortunate juxtaposition to several tall, unmannerly cousins, and my disgust of them led me to avoid, for years afterward, the society of men. It was not till my self-love was wounded by perceiving that they began to avoid me, that I lamented my want of worldly wisdom. However, reserve of manner had become so habitual, that all my efforts to overcome it were unavailing, and served only to strengthen the opinion entertained by men in general respecting me—that I was cold and heartless to a degree not to be tolerated. For this reason I have been permitted "to wither on the virgin stem;" and if the injustice of men toward me has made me somewhat bitter in my judgment of them, you will not be amazed. Human nature is human nature, even in old maids.

I have often expressed to you my opinion, that boys are not properly educated, either at home or by society—that the whole tendency of their education is to make them selfish, exacting, and tyrannical. I have seen in families generally, even in those who set up for the best of management, that while girls are taught habits of order, neatness, and economy, readiness to oblige, contented industry, and a quiet demeanor, the boys are suffered, nay, encouraged, in all sorts of disorderly habits, noisy demonstrations, and idle self-indulgence. What is considered virtuous in woman, is but weakness in a

man. To be loud-voiced, strong-fisted, careless, exacting, self-willed, indicates spirit and manliness. To serve or to love others makes but little of the discipline to which a boy is subjected. All his sports, all his toys, all his games are calculated to foster and strengthen his animal instincts. The infant that can hardly guide his pap spoon to his mouth, is armed with whip, gun, and sword, and commences his work of destruction. The spirit of fight and braggadocio is encouraged even in the cradle, and the lisping boy has all the slang of the town at his tongue's end, happily before he knows how to comprehend its meaning. Is it to be wondered at that boys grow up so coarse and common?—that the love of the beautiful and good seems dead within them?—that they are awkward, sheepish, and out of place, generally, in refined society? The love of domination so early excited, the next thing is to find an object upon which to exercise it. If there are no luckless sisters, or female dependents, or timid relatives at hand, the dumb animals can not escape. The exquisite satisfaction to be derived from the exercise of his love of power, is to select those objects most keenly sensitive. If these are wanting, inanimate objects must suffice. Batter or destroy something he must. His great activity must find vent in some way; and if there is nothing he can positively vex, why, the tables and chairs must be destroyed—that's all. I speak feelingly you may say, and perhaps you think unjustly also. But no; I will not give in. There are exceptions I know. Of these anon; but I have presented the side of the picture as I have oftenest seen it.

A glorious idea is this of a true man! I reverence it. When will the reality equal it. In proportion as woman knows her own sphere, is she able to comprehend that which man should occupy. You perceive that I am not talking of gentlemen and ladies. I look upon the beings who skim over the surface of society, as I would upon a puppet show. I am not speaking of the externals of society, but the internals of character. A man is never other than a gentleman, but a gentleman is by no means always a man.

I confess, even to this late period of my life, I often congratulate myself upon having escaped the destiny of most of my married acquaintance; and I find in the contemplation of my ideal more positive satisfaction than I could derive from a union with any less perfect specimen of humanity. But I have met with one in the course of my life who incarnated this ideal. That one model man was your father. I think I might easily have been induced to give my happiness into his keeping, had not my sister—your mother—known better how to interest his affections; and since it was not permitted to me to have him for my husband, I was but too grateful and happy to secure him as a friend, and receive him as a brother, into my heart; and I experienced such fullness of delight in this blessed intercourse, that while he lived I could never have called my

lot a solitary one, or my heart isolated and cut off from human sympathies. Were it possible for me to do him justice, I should consider myself a benefactor to the race in giving a faithful portrait of this noble man. With an intellect so commanding, a genius so exalted as to elevate him to the just pre-eminence of one born to command, he united such spirituality, such Christian humility, that he walked among men with the simplicity and single-heartedness of a little child. He alone seemed unconscious of his greatness or his power. He alone, who made the happiness of so many was himself unhappy in that he did so little. The measure of his usefulness fell so far short of his desires, that it seemed as nothing to him.

I know not precisely what influences surrounded his boyhood. To a widowed mother was left the noble character of forming his character; and nobly did she perform it. When I met him first he had just entered upon the threshold of manhood, his soul glowing with the undimmed fervor of high aspirations, and all-pervading principle of duty inspiring his efforts and his aims; genius irradiating his countenance, burning in his words; and the bright future spread before him the land of hope and promise, upon which the clouds and darkness of a bitter experience had never for a moment rested. Just then a modest wayside flower shed up its unobtrusive fragrance on his heart, and became to its undefined and voiceless longings the most consecrated of earthly shrines. This new tie developed new and sweet affections, which seemed to link him more closely to our common humanity; for before they had this earthly object he seemed to be borne on the wings of a poetical imagination beyond the region of human sympathies. And when, added to this, the fountains of parental love were unlocked, nothing seemed wanting to make the measure of earthly perfection full and complete.

Will you follow me while I call up the past, and present him to you as he appeared to me in the relations of husband and father? Could I pay a more just tribute to his amiable disposition, his considerate and watchful affection, than to repeat what your mother said to me after his death—that, during the twenty years of her married life, he had never spoken an impatient word to her; but if, at any time, from physical weakness or suffering, he was conscious of not expressing a ready sympathy with her feelings or anxieties, the omission seemed to add such poignancy to his sufferings, that all thought of personal disappointment was lost in the desire she felt to reconcile him to his own conscience. Fortunate was it for him, that in his gentle helpmate the sunny cheerfulness of a hopeful, loving spirit continually reigned. From the moment that she became his wife, she was admitted into his entire confidence, as far as it was possible for one human being to understand another. He did not stop to question her capacity for comprehending his nature. He thought aloud in her presence; for he desired that she should know him

intimately and entirely. Is not this a true union—the blending of two natures in one? Intellectually, he was far her superior; but he never assumed a superiority. He was, as some of our friends would say, “the wisdom of love—the love of wisdom.” His was the higher intelligence—hers the deeper affection; but the mutual demand that each made upon the other for sympathy elevated the mind of the one, and enriched the affections of the other, and thus perfected both. But it will not do for an old maid to go into raptures on the subject of matrimony; therefore, I have done for the present.

How he fulfilled his paternal duties you know perhaps even better than myself. When his children were mere infants, he was unwearied in ministering to their happiness, and, when released from his daily business, shared with their mother, or, rather, relieved her of the burden of her cares and anxieties. You can not remember, perhaps, when his influence over you began, or how it was that at each stage of your existence he seemed to supply the wants of your inward nature. Had he been less to you in childhood, he could not have been so much to you in after life.

Every age has its prophets and martyrs—great souls, who are so in advance of the world, as to be but imperfectly comprehended by it. Your father was one of that consecrated number. The spirit of Christianity was enshrined within his own. What he said seemed to flow from inspiration. I have listened to his eloquence till I lost all consciousness of his bodily presence, and my soul seemed to be looking into his own.

You perceive that I have not yet spoken of his personal appearance. It is the spirit that shone through them, and not his fine and regular features, that I love best to dwell upon. In recalling his image, such as I have seen it at times, I may well say, with the poet, that “in the angelic choir he will not need put on another form than that he wore on earth.” But he has gone from us—not dead—not lost; his spirit is with us still, animating us to higher endeavor, stimulating us to loftier excellence, comforting us under the discouragements of our imperfect natures, and bringing down to us from the abodes of peace a calm serenity of spirit which is a foretaste of the time to come.

And now let me ask you, and pray answer me if you can: Why are so few like him? Why are not all men prophets—seers—inspired men? or, in other words, why are not all men Christians? This question I have pondered much upon; and unless you give me a satisfactory answer, I shall send you another letter, in order to give myself an opportunity of expressing my own opinion to so good a listener. Till then, adieu, from your old maid aunt,

PATIENCE.

How little do they see what is, who frame
Their hasty judgments on that which seems!

SOUTHEY.

LETTERS TO SCHOOL-GIRLS.

BY REV. J. W. D. MATTHEWS.

LIES.

Few things are more important to be deeply impressed on the minds of school-girls, than that they should always tell the truth. And yet few things are more difficult. So many temptations present themselves to depart from the truth, that I fear few school-girls escape with a clear conscience. The Bible says, “Speak the truth, and lie not.” It also says that children are apt to go astray from their youth, “speaking lies.” To speak the truth, is to speak as we think, or to convey to others the impression on our own minds. To tell a falsehood, is to utter what we know to be false, with an intention to deceive. To convey a false impression, by tones of voice, manner of speaking, or in any other way, is also to tell a falsehood. When we speak to others, we should be careful to convey to them the exact impression of our own minds. Any departure from this rule is a falsehood.

Dr. Boyd, in his excellent work on Moral Philosophy, has enumerated nineteen different kinds of lies. I shall make use of his arrangement so far as I think it applicable to my young friends.

He does not mention *white lies*, or *fibs*; but as some authors do, I shall first say a few words about them. They are falsehoods that appear to be harmless, such as jests and exaggerations. “I thought I should have died laughing,” “I never in my life saw any thing so beautiful;” “O, I am so fatigued, I am nearly dead!” are specimens. We are so apt when we speak to be influenced by our present feelings, that some degree of exaggeration is perhaps unavoidable. But we should reflect before we speak, and not use the superlative degree in speaking of every trivial thing. Sending word to visitors that we are not at home when we are, is sometimes called a *white lie*, as it is supposed only to mean that we are not prepared to see company. But if this be the meaning, why not say so? If the visitor is deceived, we are guilty of falsehood. In fact, as Dr. Wayland observes, there are no *white lies*. All are black, and all are wrong.

Jocose lies are such as are told for amusement. If you were to relate a fable or a parable, or tell a story about witches or fairies, when it was understood that you did not profess to tell the truth, it would not be a falsehood. But some girls are in the habit of telling things which are false with a serious countenance, and frequent declarations of sincerity, when they afterward laugh that any one should be so silly as to believe them. Perhaps you think that, because such things are done in jest, and no one is injured, they are not wrong. But you should remember that truth is too sacred to be trifled with. If you tell lies in jest, people will not know when to believe you, and you form a bad habit, which will soon lead to other lies. Some *jocose lies* are worse than those just mentioned:

man. To be loud-voiced, strong-armed, careless, exacting, self-willed, indicates spirit and manliness. To serve or to love others makes but little of the discipline to which a boy is subjected. All his sports, all his toys, all his games are calculated to foster and strengthen his animal instincts. The infant that can hardly guide his pap spoon to his mouth, is armed with whip, gun, and sword, and commences his work of destruction. The spirit of fight and braggadocio is encouraged even in the cradle, and the lisping boy has all the slang of the town at his tongue's end, happily before he knows how to comprehend its meaning. Is it to be wondered at that boys grow up so coarse and common?—that the love of the beautiful and good seems dead within them?—that they are awkward, sheepish, and out of place, generally, in refined society? The love of domination so early excited, the next thing is to find an object upon which to exercise it. If there are no luckless sisters, or female dependents, or timid relatives at hand, the dumb animals can not escape. The exquisite satisfaction to be derived from the exercise of his love of power, is to select those objects most keenly sensitive. If these are wanting, inanimate objects must suffice. Batter or destroy something he must. His great activity must find vent in some way; and if there is nothing he can positively vex, why, the tables and chairs must be destroyed—that's all. I speak feelingly you may say, and perhaps you think unjustly also. But no; I will not give in. There are exceptions I know. Of these anon; but I have presented the side of the picture as I have oftenest seen it.

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How he fulfilled his paternal duties you know perhaps even better than myself. When his children were mere infants, he was unwearied in ministering to their happiness, and, when released from his daily business, shared with their mother, or, rather, relieved her of the burden of her cares and anxieties. You can not remember, perhaps, when his influence over you began, or how it was that at each stage of your existence he seemed to supply the wants of your inward nature. Had he been less to you in childhood, he could not have been so much to you in after life.

Every age has its prophets and martyrs—great souls, who are so in advance of the world, as to be but imperfectly comprehended by it. Your father was one of that consecrated number. The spirit of Christianity was enshrined within his own. What he said seemed to flow from inspiration. I have listened to his eloquence till I lost all consciousness of his bodily presence, and my soul seemed to be looking into his own.

You perceive that I have not yet spoken of his personal appearance. It is the spirit that shone through them, and not his fine and regular features, that I love best to dwell upon. In recalling his image, such as I have seen it at times, I may well say, with the poet, that “in the angelic choir he will not need put on another form than that he wore on earth.” But he has gone from us—not dead—not lost; his spirit is with us still, animating us to higher endeavor, stimulating us to loftier excellence, comforting us under the discouragements of our imperfect natures, and bringing down to us from the abodes of peace a calm serenity of spirit which is a foretaste of the time to come.

And now let me ask you, and pray answer me if you can: Why are so few like him? Why are not all men prophets—seers—inspired men? or, in other words, why are not all men Christians? This question I have pondered much upon; and unless you give me a satisfactory answer, I shall send you another letter, in order to give myself an opportunity of expressing my own opinion to so good a listener. Till then, adieu, from your old maid aunt,

PATIENCE.

How little do they see what is, who frame
Their hasty judgments on that which seems!

SOUTHEY.

LETTERS TO SCHOOL-GIRLS.

BY REV. J. M'D. MATTHEWS.

LIES.

Few things are more important to be deeply impressed on the minds of school-girls, than that they should always tell the truth. And yet few things are more difficult. So many temptations present themselves to depart from the truth, that I fear few school-girls escape with a clear conscience. The Bible says, “Speak the truth, and lie not.” It also says that children are apt to go astray from their youth, “speaking lies.” To speak the truth, is to speak as we think, or to convey to others the impression on our own minds. To tell a falsehood, is to utter what we know to be false, with an intention to deceive. To convey a false impression, by tones of voice, manner of speaking, or in any other way, is also to tell a falsehood. When we speak to others, we should be careful to convey to them the exact impression of our own minds. Any departure from this rule is a falsehood.

Dr. Boyd, in his excellent work on Moral Philosophy, has enumerated nineteen different kinds of lies. I shall make use of his arrangement so far as I think it applicable to my young friends.

He does not mention *white lies*, or *fibs*; but as some authors do, I shall first say a few words about them. They are falsehoods that appear to be harmless, such as jests and exaggerations. “I thought I should have died laughing,” “I never in my life saw any thing so beautiful,” “O, I am so fatigued, I am nearly dead!” are specimens. We are so apt when we speak to be influenced by our present feelings, that some degree of exaggeration is perhaps unavoidable. But we should reflect before we speak, and not use the superlative degree in speaking of every trivial thing. Sending word to visitors that we are not at home when we are, is sometimes called a *white lie*, as it is supposed only to mean that we are not prepared to see company. But if this be the meaning, why not say so? If the visitor is deceived, we are guilty of falsehood. In fact, as Dr. Wayland observes, there are no *white lies*. All are black, and all are wrong.

Jocose lies are such as are told for amusement. If you were to relate a fable or a parable, or tell a story about witches or fairies, when it was understood that you did not profess to tell the truth, it would not be a falsehood. But some girls are in the habit of telling things which are false with a serious countenance, and frequent declarations of sincerity, when they afterward laugh that any one should be so silly as to believe them. Perhaps you think that, because such things are done in jest, and no one is injured, they are not wrong. But you should remember that truth is too sacred to be trifled with. If you tell lies in jest, people will not know when to believe you, and you form a bad habit, which will soon lead to other lies. Some *jocose lies* are worse than those just mentioned:

as when you praise a person's dress or beauty to see how she will take the flattery, and afterward laugh at her, or abuse her dress or person. Such insincerity is both mean and sinful. How would you like to be treated thus?

Benevolent lies are intended to benefit others: as when a physician tells a sick man he is getting well, although he believes he will soon die. He fears it would increase his disease to let him know how ill he is. But even if it would, the Bible says we must not "do evil that good may come." It is the worst unkindness to the sick, to conceal their danger from them. Their uneasiness of mind is more injurious than a knowledge of their danger would be. They wish to make some preparation for death; but if their friends flatter them to the last that they are about to recover, they may be ushered into eternity unprepared.

Perhaps we might class with benevolent lies those which are told to induce people to entertain a good opinion of themselves. "I am growing too fleshy," says a young lady; "what a horrible shape I shall have!" "O no," you reply, though you do not believe what you are saying, "your form is remarkably good." She says her dress is ugly, or her bonnet fits badly. You persuade her that they are just as they should be. In such cases lies are very often told on both sides. The young lady who reviles herself does not believe what she says, but is merely fishing for a compliment, and she who praises her is equally insincere. Instead of telling a lie, and bringing guilt upon your conscience, you should tell your dissatisfied friend that a wise God has made us just as we are, and that to complain of being too lean or too fat, too tall or too low, is to murmur against his providence. You should also be careful not to ridicule people for such imaginary defects; for in so doing you reproach, not them, but their Maker.

Lies of equivocation are those in which terms that have different meanings are made use of, with an intention to deceive. It is said that a teacher once asked a boy whether he knew his lesson. "I hope so," said the boy; "for I have been over it three times." He had laid his books on the floor, and jumped three times over them. An officer who was besieging a town, promised that if the inhabitants would surrender no blood should be shed. They did surrender, and he buried them all alive. In one sense no blood was shed, but not in the sense in which they understood him. We should always use such terms as will convey to others the exact truth as we ourselves understand it. To use terms, which in one sense are true, but which convey a false impression to the mind of another, will not exempt us from the charge of falsehood. Indeed, equivocation is one of the worst kinds of lying.

Lies of vanity are told to gain the good opinion of others. A girl pretends that she is very rich when she is not, or speaks often of her distinguished acquaintances and friends, as if on intimate terms with them, when perhaps she has only

seen them at church or been introduced to them at a party. Affectation might be called a practical lie of vanity. We assume the tones of voice or manners of some one else, that people may think more highly of us. But, like all other lies, such tricks will soon be detected, and we shall sink and not rise in the estimation of all sensible people.

Lies of fear are told to conceal some fault, that we may escape punishment. But how much more noble to confess the truth than to deny it! When Washington's father inquired about an injury done to a favorite tree in his absence, George, without attempting to conceal the fact, or to lay the blame on any one else, confessed, at once, that he had committed the injury. His father was a thousand times more delighted to find that his son would not tell a lie than he was distressed at the injury of the tree.

Some children will make a partial confession when they have done wrong, but will conceal the worst circumstances; or they will palliate the offense, and try to make the impression that they were not so much to blame as they really were. All such evasions and concealments are falsehoods. The whole truth, just as it occurred, should be confessed.

All attempts of children to deceive their parents or teachers might come under this head. A young lady wishes to talk or eat in school, and puts a book before her face, or having been idle or improperly engaged, and perceiving the teacher's eye turned toward her, she smooths up her face, and tries to make the impression that she has been studying. All such actions are lies; for they are intended to deceive. How much better to be frank and sincere, and to confess and forsake our sins, than to add to our guilt by telling falsehoods! Lies of fear are sometimes told for the want of resolution to say "no." "Don't you think my dress handsome? Does not my bonnet become me?" We fear to offend, and give a false answer.

Practical lies are acted, not uttered. All false pretenses to respectability, wealth, or learning, might be classed here. Many ludicrous anecdotes are told about such cheats at the different watering-places in the United States. A steamboat clerk will pass himself for a lieutenant of the navy, or a white mulatto for an Indian chief, and excite the admiration of all the ladies. There is an astonishing propensity among mankind to make the impression, that their merits and standing are much better than the reality. All such frauds are practical lies, which are sometimes followed by the most melancholy results. The fraud is concealed till a marriage takes place, which can only be productive of misery to both parties.

Young ladies when at school are generally required to write compositions. But if they select beautiful passages from books or periodicals, or get some one else to write their compositions, they make a false impression. Though they may not say their compositions are their own, still they are guilty of a practical lie. A lady retired from a company

where Robert Hall was present to put her little daughter, four years old, to sleep. When she returned, Mr. Hall overheard her telling another lady that she had put on her night-cap, and laid down by the little girl till she fell asleep. "Do you wish," said he, "to have your daughter grow up a liar." "O no," said the mother; "not for any thing in the world." "Then," said Mr. Hall, "never act a lie before her." A lie may be acted as well as spoken.

Lies of malignity are intended to injure others. Slander may consist in starting such false reports, or in countenancing those that have been started by others. We should be careful how we repeat reports injurious to the reputation of others, lest they should be false. Many tales that are circulated on apparently good authority are, nevertheless, false. Both sides of a story must be heard before we can determine what to believe or say about it. Did you ever notice the irreconcilable discrepancies between the statements of different parties? Let two school-girls have a quarrel; and when you have heard from one of them a statement of all the circumstances, you think the other entirely to blame. But go to the other; and, according to her statement, the blame will be as clearly on the other side. Why such a difference in the statement of facts? Evidently because each young lady omits to mention, or mentions with much palliation, what was blameworthy on her part, while she places in the worst light the actions of the other. So difficult is it to blame ourselves, or to acknowledge even indirectly that we can do any thing wrong. But if, in giving an account of any transaction, we suppress, or alter, or exaggerate any of the facts, we are guilty of falsehood—malignant falsehood; for while we are trying to screen ourselves from blame we are injuring others. As there is so much falsehood afloat in the world, would it not be a good rule to speak only good and no evil of all absent persons?

Many persons who circulate evil reports, think to shield themselves from the odium of slander by making apologies. "I am very sorry that it is so, or I hope it is false;" but, at the same time, they give currency to the report.

Finally: are there any falsehoods which are not criminal? May we be placed in such circumstances that it will be right to tell a falsehood? You have, for instance, some secret which you wish to keep to yourself—what should you do when interrogated about it? You may give an evasive answer without telling a falsehood, or you may refuse to answer. But refusing to answer, you think, amounts to a confession of what you wish to conceal: may you not then deny the fact? The case is indeed a difficult one; but still it is no doubt better either not to answer, or adhere to the truth. Some persons are so full of curiosity, and have so little delicacy and lady-like refinement of feeling, that they will ask impertinent questions about matters which they have no right to know. To such persons it is perfectly right to reply, that it is none of their busi-

ness, and that you do not choose to be interrogated on that subject.

In a word, young ladies, it is safest to speak the truth on all subjects and on all occasions. The Bible declares that "all liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone." Let all attempts to deceive, by signs, or words, or actions, be forever abandoned. If we could even deceive man, we can not deceive God. He looks upon the heart, and understands all the imaginations of the thoughts. He assures us that every secret thing shall be brought into judgment. Human nature is so weak, and there are so many temptations to tell falsehoods, that it is difficult to keep the conscience clear. This difficulty will be greatly increased if you have already formed the habit of uttering what is false.

But you should go to God in prayer, and implore his pardoning mercy and assisting grace. It will require constant watchfulness and prayer; for no bad habit can be overcome without the assisting grace of God.

As I write with the hope of doing some good to the young, I pray that the blessing of God may accompany these remarks.

THOUGHTS ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY MY UNCLE OLIVER.

THE present system of female education is essentially faulty. Look into it. Is the heart educated? Are the feelings cultivated? Does duty to themselves and those around them receive, in the education of females, that attention its importance demands? Far from all this. Indeed, these considerations—the most important that can be conceived—too seldom seem to enter into the plan. Some high-sounding 'onomys and 'ometrys, a few "accomplishments" to "set them off," and their education is "finished;" and they are ready to catch a husband, and transmit the errors they have imbibed to another generation. How much better if, instead of this course, they were taught what would make them useful and happy! I would have them descend from the starry frame, to study the mechanism of their own systems; before the physiology of a flower or a leaf, acquaint themselves with that of their own bodies; rather than the circumference of Jupiter, the sphere of their own duties. Their first lessons in mathematics should be to teach them the value of the smallest fraction of time, and the mathematical certainty there is that its improvement or misimprovement will affect, favorably or otherwise, their future destiny and happiness. Before the harp or piano, I would have them learn to tune their own hearts and spirits to harmony, to gladden and cheer those around them. "The most useful study is that which throws most light on the difficult science of human duty."

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A MISSIONARY.

BY REV. J. H. PITKEL.

VARIETY is said to be "the spice of life." In almost all the devious walks of human life, there is sufficient variety to break the spell of monotony. Of some stations this is especially true. In such, if not more frequent, it is at least more marked. The "ups and downs" differ, like hillocks compared with cragged and steep mountains. To some the transition is greater from toil to rest—from imminent danger to safety; consequently, the thermometer, indicating the degrees of pleasure or distress felt, is subject to rise higher, or fall lower, proportionately.

The life of a missionary, in a wild and uncultivated field, is far from being monotonous. He is constantly brought into close contact with extremes. This remark will apply to moral as well as physical extremes. His life is often a checkered scene—not all made up of thorns, not all of clouds and storms. The cheerful sunlight often breaks in upon his path. Hardship itself imparts a power of endurance, not a gift of nature, enabling its possessor to frown down formidable obstacles. Missionaries often wade through the deepest trials and experience the greatest consolations.

The sketches given in the following narrative, it is hoped, will not prove entirely uninteresting to the fair readers of your select pages. Often it is the case that, in new and unsettled portions of the country, the travels and labors of missionaries form an important link in their after history. Much of the early history of the vast territory stretching along Lakes Huron and Superior, and extending far into the wilderness, has been gleaned from the accounts of Jesuit missionaries. We can not but admire the pains taken by Macaulay, in his History of England, to describe what England was a hundred and fifty years ago, compared with what England is now. So when we read over the hardships and privations of the early settlers of our own country, we are inspired with gratitude at the onward march of improvement, and our own superior advantages. The means of conveyance, the different methods of traveling, the difference between the exposures of the wilderness and the comforts of a country where the forests have been cleared, and towns and cities have sprung up, with all the new inventions for annihilating distance and labor, weigh not a little in the scale. It is certainly not unworthy of note, whether, in crossing the great deep, we are to be conveyed in a bark canoe, an open boat, in filthy and uncomfortable sail crafts, or in the noble schooner, the proud brig, or the stately steamer—where ease itself becomes painful, and luxury begets loathing. Nor is it of less interest, whether journeys, made by land, be performed on foot, with the aid of snow-shoes, through a wilderness where the habitation of man is seldom

seen; where the pedestrian is compelled to shoulder his own bed and *ne-tash-poo*, and erect his rude shelter of boughs, for temporary sojourn; or, whether the route is the beautiful turnpike, over which the traveler rolls on elliptic springs and air cushions, finding at frequent intervals commodious inns, or flies over mountain and valley in the railroad car. But, to the task before us.

In the fall of 1846 the writer of this sketch, after having spent some years in the mission field, among the red men of the forest, returned with his family to shake hands once more with near friends, to renew old acquaintances, to form new ones, and to enjoy the peculiar sweets of intercourse with brethren in the ministry; seasons, the luxury of which can not be fully appreciated, till we have been deprived of them. We greeted many friends long known and loved. We met and parted. One of these instances will never be forgotten. Under the roof of a near relative, in the presence of an aged mother, weighed down with recent afflictions to the brink of the grave, surrounded by brothers and sisters, and a few others, we attempted to join in singing the hymn:

"And let our bodies part."

A minister present offered up a fervent prayer for those about to go and those remaining. We sorrowed most of all for the almost certain prospect of never all meeting again on earth. But tears of sorrow were not unmixed with tears of joy, at the hope of a glorious meeting in heaven. That body of ministers to which the writer had been endeared, had sat in counsel and arisen. Each member was on his way to his new field, with the vows of God afresh upon him. Preliminaries had been arranged, by the missionaries bound up the Lakes, for their journey.

After a short stay in the city of D—, we took our leave, and were soon stemming the noble river. Our steamer bore us with safety and comparative pleasure across the waters of Lake Huron. We had on board a very agreeable society—rather a select group—composed mostly of missionaries. There is more truth than poetry in the old adage, "Birds of a feather flock together." We readily entered into each other's joys and sorrows, and the time passed very agreeably. We had soon crossed the waters of the noble Lake, touching at the Island of Mackinaw on our way. It was here the time of the Indian payment. The little town was full of people, and all seemed absorbed in business or pleasure. The shore was dotted with Indian lodges. The Indians were strolling along the shore, or engaged in purchasing clothing, trinkets, etc., of the traders. Some were well clad, and appeared respectable; while others, by their half-nude and squalid appearance, showed that they were much easier influenced by whisky than by moral principle. But we only stopped to glance at the scene here presented, and were again on our way for the Sault.

We entered the mouth of the St. Mary's river, and were ascending her majestic waters, in the

midst of her thousand islands, sprinkled around us like dew-drops, glittering in the sunlight. We swept by the dilapidated fortification on St. Joseph's Island, and several beautiful landscape scenes among the mountains to the north. Now we had reached the Indian settlement, on the Canada shore, at a place called by the Indians *Ke-te-gon See-beh*; that is, *Garden river*. Soon before us rose up in grandeur the Falls of the St. Mary's; to our left was the Methodist mission; the shore on each side was lined with dwellings of the French and half-breeds, up to the Falls. Here was seen, on the Canada side, the Hudson Bay Company's Fort. On the American shore, directly opposite, was the village of Sault St. Marie and Fort Brady. But the most picturesque spot on the river is that of the Indian agency, occupied by James Ord, Esq., about half a mile east of the Fort. The agency was once an elegant building, but is getting worse for the wear. It stands a little back from the river, on high ground, surrounded by a spacious inclosure, shaded by several balsam and spruce, and some large, venerable-looking elms, which have resisted the storms of many generations. We had now reached the landing, and were conducted by Rev. Mr. B., then Chaplain in the Fort, to his quarters, where, for several days, we shared in the hospitalities of his kind family.

While here, we were enjoying some of the lights of missionary life. It was not with us as with many travelers to Lake Superior, who are frequently detained, for days and weeks together, at Sault St. Marie, to the no small disadvantage of the pocket and injury of their business. On this account the place has often been loaded with curses; and yet no one can seriously blame tavern-keepers for high charges. Their term of business lasts only during the summer and fall, and they think they "must make hay when the sun shines." In our case, we found friends in the resident missionaries.

While at the Sault, we spent a Sabbath together. It was one of those seasons not soon to be forgotten. Some of us worshiped together in Fort B., in the morning; others, at the mission. The writer was called on to preach, and enjoyed a refreshing from the presence of the Lord; and this seemed to be the case with some others. In the afternoon I accompanied brother B. to the Methodist mission, when I was again permitted to preach to the Indians and missionaries. On our return to the village, brother B. baptized an old Indian, in his wigwam, who was just on the verge of the grave. Intemperance had been his ruin. But he now professed that he was willing to give up all for Christ. At night we went to the Baptist mission, where I was again invited to speak to the people, which I did, with a degree of freedom, from Isaiah lii, 1. Thus the Sabbath passed away delightfully, filled up with its appropriate duties.

On the morning of the 15th of October, we found the ground covered with snow; but the sun arose, and it soon disappeared. In the afternoon the

wind was fair for going up Lake Superior. After dark we were called on board the schooner *Fur Trader*. A very rainy night ensued. We had soon weighed anchor, taken our leave of Sault St. Marie, and were disputing our way with the rapid current of the St. Mary's.

Friday, 16th, 2 o'clock, A. M.—Strong wind driving us at the rate of ten knots per hour. All were cheerful at the thought of a quick trip. But how illusive are some of our most joyous hopes! Like the *mirage*, seen in the distance, hope is only begotten to add weight to disappointment. We had passed White Fish Point, fifty miles from the Sault, and all was well. We sat down in the morning to breakfast, on homely, sailor fare. It was about eight o'clock. No one dreamed of being interrupted before breakfast was over. Just now one of the sailors cried out, "Captain, it looks rather squally!" No sooner said, than Captain R. dropped his knife and fork, and was on deck. Order was given to reef the mainsail. It was promptly done. Captain R. cried again, "Reef the foresail." "Ay, ay, sir." And the foresail was reefed. All interpreted these signs to have an important meaning. At ten o'clock the storm had greatly increased; hard rain, and cold withal. The wind had hauled round more to the north. At twelve the seas ran very high, raging as if some angry spirit had troubled the mighty deep. Our schooner rose upon the waves, and then plunged her bows into the foaming deep, groaning at every plunge.

She was heavily loaded. Forward, she had on a quantity of hay, a horse, some hogs, etc. The hay soon became filled with water, from the seas which swept over us. Aft, her deck was stowed with barrels, two deep—even, on the top, with the railing. When a hard squall struck her, it would lay her over on her beam ends, and, much of the time, the upper tier of barrels, on the larboard deck, was under water. She consequently made bad weather. Meanwhile one of the *davits*, or tackle to hold up the small boats, gave way, and dropped one end of her yawl. Order was given to cut the boat loose, which was done, and for some time it was towed with a large rope. But soon the rope broke, and now our yawl was seen floating, bottom up, with the hay, which had just been thrown overboard. The old pump was kept in operation most of the time. Captain R., who stood at the helm all the time, was in a most exposed condition; sometimes in water up to his knees, and then forced, with the violence of the waves, from side to side of the steering deck. We were now in the vicinity of the Grand Table, a little east of the Pictured Rocks, and about thirty miles from Grand Island. We had hoped to be able to reach Grand Island, where there is a harbor secure from all winds; but this was now found to be impossible. It only remained for us to be driven ashore, with all the peril to which this would expose us, or to make the attempt to get back under the lee of White Fish Point, about sixty miles distant. The latter alternative the Captain chose. We were

ship, as the sailors say, and succeeded in clearing the shore; and sailing at a rapid rate, amidst the raging elements, we rounded White Fish Point in safety, and, getting into comparatively-smooth water, by ten o'clock at night, we were rejoiced to hear the Captain give orders to let go the anchor.

I have given only a faint description of the scene without. If all was storm without, all was far from being calm within.

As the ship's crew and passengers all helped to make up the scene, it could not be viewed in its proper light without briefly glancing at the whole. The Captain is a man well acquainted with his business, and guards well the safety of his ship and the lives of passengers. For fourteen hours together he never left the helm. He has faults; but it is not for us here to dwell on them. His crew were rough, hardy tars. Among the passengers was an aged friend, who had passed his threescore and ten; Mr. — and his family, occupying an appointment under government among the Indians; Messrs. S. and D., bound for the copper mines; two Indian girls; an Indian and his two little boys; a colored man; and a young preacher, bound for the mission field, with the writer and his family. I came near leaving out of the list a Mr. S., a trader at L—. He, as report says, used to be a Methodist preacher—a man possessed of some information and talent, naturally warm-hearted and generous, but really an enemy to himself, and spreads a moral contagion around. You might hear him descanting upon the superior merits of Lord Byron's works, compared with the Bible; or he might be seen at his favorite amusement of cards. You might now blush at his obscenity, or be astounded at his bold blasphemies. If he argued on the subject of religion, he would plead up for Universalism, of course. As his trading-post was in close contiguity with a certain church, standing in the rear, on more elevated ground, you might hear him boast of "sitting under the droppings of the sanctuary." This was *literally* true. Our colored friend was cook, *pro tem*. Before the storm he made the air vocal with songs and merriment. His tune was altered during the storm.

Our boat was long, narrow, and flat. "Like a singed cat," she sailed better than she looked. But her cabin, if such it may be called, was small—only four berths—and not any too neat. The table was without legs, and shoved up and down a center post, supported by a wooden pin. When not needed it was shoved overhead. A small stove stood in the corner, near the hatchway. Such was the boat into which we were crowded. The two Indian girls had gained admittance to one of the berths; the others were resigned to those who had women and children. The floor as well as the berths was stowed full. Those who could not be accommodated here, found the best accommodations they could in the hull.

The storm came on so suddenly, that there was not time to clear away the breakfast dishes; these were shoved down on the floor, by the stove.

Scarcely had the storm struck us, before the stove tumbled bottom upward, among the breakfast dishes. The violent tossings of the boat, the scent of bilge-water, which escaped through a hole in the floor, the strange sights and sounds all around us, gave every one a disposition to part with his breakfast; and a scene ensued, so ludicrous as not to be suffered to pass without a hearty laugh, perilous as was our condition. The reader will be mistaken if he thinks that all laughed. Imagination must fill up the rest of this scene.

Our situation was rendered very uncomfortable—we could have no fire, and could not keep dry. With an overcoat on, I was wet throughout. Several large waves poured down upon us through the hatchway. The large seas, dashing against the side of the boat, forced water through the berths, from one side to the other. We were literally drenched, and became much chilled before we had fire again—not till after ten o'clock at night. It was a sober time to all on board. The most daring and profane seemed awe-struck. One man, who does not pray when it is calm, said he guessed there were "none on board but that prayed." Another said, "I think I shall not be found at the billiard-table very soon again." Poor H., the cook, was frightened nearly out of his wits. A female was terribly alarmed. "We shall all go to the bottom," said she, frequently. Bitterly did she lament having left a comfortable home, to suffer such hardships and dangers. "O, Mr. —," said he, "do pray for us." Many silent prayers ascended to heaven; but it was rather inconvenient to hold a public prayer meeting, when each was so sick as scarcely to be able to hold up his head. A Miss — distinguished herself by her heroism during the storm. It was a subject of remark, for months after, among the young gentlemen about the Lake.

But praise to an overruling Providence, for our rescue from the dangers to which we were exposed! Several causes conduced to this, under the blessing of a good God. Our boat had recently been fitted up with new sails; about the time we began to *sear* ship, the wind hauled about two points to the westward, which enabled us to clear the shore; but added to these were the self-possession and fidelity of Captain R. and his crew. They will ever have the gratitude of the passengers for their conduct during this severe storm.

We lay at anchor till the next morning after breakfast. Having lost our boat, it was agreed to run back to the Sault and get another. Wind being in our favor, we set sail, and dropped anchor at the head of the Rapids just after dark. We now landed and walked through the mud to Fort B., over a mile, and put up again with the Chaplain. All were surprised at our speedy return.

We require just as much patience to wait, as oil is required for our lamps, till the day shall dawn, and the day-star arise in our hearts.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

BY MARY E. BARRETT.

It is impossible to peruse the history of the unfortunate Mary without feeling an interest of painful intensity. Her youth, her rare attractions, and native gentleness of character, the ungenial influences that surrounded her, excite our kindest sympathies, and awaken a tender consideration for her during her brief but eventful and unhappy career.

The flowerets of hope and confiding love were early, mournfully blighted, and the stern, conflicting elements around her, were not designed to tranquilize the anguish of her bosom. There was no beloved mother to throw around her her gently-sustaining arm, or gird her with the silver cords of parental counsel. She found nothing "unto which she might bind her heart"—

Nothing to love, to rest upon, to clasp
Affection's tendrils round;

but, orphaned and widowed, she goes forth, like an unsupported vine, and fierce were the winds and bitter the storms that beat upon her. O, had Elizabeth opened her heart, when, like a chased bird, all frail and fluttering, she sought her protection—had she extended to Mary her royal guardianship—had she shed over her darkened pathway the joyous light of sisterly love—she might have won her ardent, susceptible nature, to a purer faith, and placed upon her own brow a brighter, holier gem than England's diadem could boast.

Had the sweet influences of our pure religion flowed unchecked around her heart—had the undimmed light of our glorious faith fallen upon her mind—could she have felt the impetus of its sublime energies—she might have reposed in rich tranquillity of spirit upon a wing of might, and soared far above the dark, deep waters of political commotion and party strife. From that chrysalis of sorrow might have arisen a gentle spirit, winged with seraphic power, not only to tranquilize those troubled waves, but to extend rich benedictions to many nations. Thus would the name of Mary, Queen of Scots, have linked in meet and beautiful association with hers of the early dawn, whose name was the first to dwell upon the lips of the risen Savior.

There were aspirations in Mary's bosom that she could not repress; there were pantings that she understood not. Vain were her efforts to feed immortal energies upon husks and ashes: she did not apprehend that she was struggling to cage a seraph in the gilded wires of a palace. But the seeds of ambition had been early sown in her heart, and they attained to most unnatural growth, blighting in their dismal shadow the sweet, native productions, and exhausting, by their spreading roots, the purer fountains of thought and feeling. She delighted to have the royal insignia of France, England, and Scotland, impressed on her seal; and to have received the triple crown would have been her highest ambition;

but had she attained this, her heart still would have turned away "faint for undying waters."

"The last words that I speak," said she, "shall be the words of a queen." O, had she known the rich harmonies slumbering within her bosom, she would have scorned a note so low. There is a tone in these words that thrills upon the heart of woman. There is something in the ethereal nature of woman that induces her to shrink from degradation, and awakens quenchless desires for a *home*, where each affection of her soul may meet a cordial and deathless response, and the powers of her mind find glorious and unlimited range. But these deep-toned aspirations can reach their ample fruition only by union with the Divine nature—that union that unseals to the rapt spirit the love of an infinite heart, and to the quivering bosom its own perennial fountains of rapturous thought and feeling.

Could Mary have felt this sacred affinity, her language would have been, "Let my last words be not the words of a queen, but of trusting love in Him who has said, 'To him that overcometh will I give to drink of the water of life, and I will give him the morning star; and not a bud of hallowed hope or love shall ever perish, and none shall pluck them out of my hand.'"

INVITATION TO SPRING.

BY REV. JAMES LAWTON.

We're weary of the cheerless fields,
The trees all bare and gray;
We're weary of the long, cold night,
The short, uncertain day.

And memory turns to thee, sweet spring,
And lingers round each scene
That thy return is wont to bring,
When thou art drest in green.

The blue-bird's come to claim her tree,
The crow is on the plain,
And vernal songsters wait to wake
A carol in thy train.

Then come from southern banks away,
Where summer asks thy room;
Come, and thy genial power display—
All nature bids thee come.

But don't forget to bring the flowers,
Thy buds and leaflets green;
And in thy bright and sunny hours
We'll crown thee nature's queen.

And every breeze that lifts the boughs
That bend with bloomy weight,
Shall waft their fragrance to thy shrine,
And bless thy royal state.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,
And by her wary ways reform thine own.

SHORT SERMONS FROM THE POETS.

NUMBER VII.

BY WILLIAM BATES.

"Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers—
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that, in dewy splendor,
Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,
O may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender,
Your lore sublime!

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines."

HORACE SMITH.

God has written his name of power upon the blue heavens in characters of flame; but he has written his better name of love upon the green earth, and the characters are flowers. Yes, flowers, bright flowers, are a revelation from God: all eyes can see and all hearts understand the glad Gospel they bring to man. Why were they formed, if not to give delight? Must not the Designer, then, of this delight be a being of goodness—a being of love?

Welcome, then; ye sweet children of the sun and dew! welcome ye denizens of gardens, ye glowing roses, pure lilies, proud dahlias, queenly camelias, and ye sweet, modest violets, redolent of perfume! and welcome thou majestic flower of the sun, that liftest thy head above thy fellows in regal pride! and welcome, too, ye wild flowers—sweet forest nurslings—for though you came timidly forth in your sequestered nooks, your fragrant breath has been your harbinger, and told the glad story that winter is past, and that spring-time, the glad season of songs and flowers, has come!

Flowers spring from the earth: yet how unlike the dark clod which gave them birth! They seem to our eyes like sinless children in a world of sin. How delicate their structure! how rich and varied their holyday garb, excelling that of Solomon in all his glory! how silently and yet how surely do they perform their joy-giving mission! and what a hopeful lesson do they teach as they sadly depart!

Their language, too, is a universal one; pride and sin have never caused among them a confusion of tongues, and they have but one sweet speech in every clime. Untaught infancy understands their silent yet eloquent appeal; and childhood finds a welcome book in the daisied meadow and the flower-strewn bank of the murmuring stream. Yes, wherever the modest violet blooms, the daisy turns a heavenward eye, or the small woodland flowers peep forth, there does the earnest eye of the child read a lesson, whose moral will last even when the eye grows dim, and the grave seems not a terror but a rest.

Flowers are inseparably linked with youth's

brightest dream; and what maiden's heart ever failed to interpret the language of the rose, be it bud or flower, telling, with a blush, of the spotless purity of first affection. Our affections are holy things, and flowers should ever be cherished as the symbols of feelings and emotions for which the tongue often fails to find adequate utterance. And think not here, that we have departed from salutary truth; for the flowery symbol and the heart's emotion have, in the all-wise One, a common origin.

Have you ever seen the bride at the altar, and marked the white roses, as fair and pure as herself, wreathing her young brow, or gleaming like stars in the midnight of her raven hair, and not felt that flowers have a voice? Or have you beheld them strewn in the coffin of infant loveliness, as fair and fragile as their own fading leaves, without feeling that theirs was a language of deep significance?

But flowers have other and more solemn voices. Though beautiful, their beauty is of short duration. The morning beholds them imperiled with dew-drops—their loveliness the delight of every eye, the theme of every tongue. Visit them at eve—they are withered, and faded, and dead. Their story is that of mortals—of human flowers. Our lives are like the grass, or the flowers of the grass: in life's morning how bright, yet how transitory! The evening of age draws on apace, the bloom of manhood fades, and like the withered flower we sink into the dust. But flowers have another voice—a voice of joy—a voice of triumph. At the breath of spring they burst from the fetters in which winter had bound them, and wake again to new life and beauty; and they tell thee, O man, that the winter of the grave shall not last forever—they shadow forth the glories of the resurrection morn, and tell of unfading and immortal youth in an Eden where bloom unwithering flowers.

TIME.

BY REV. F. C. CARRADY.

"I saw him grasp the oak,
It fell; the tower, it crumbled; and the stone—
The sculptured monument that marked the grave
Of fallen greatness, ceased its pompous strain
As Time came by."

TIME, "the tomb-builder," levels the fairest form, palsies the strongest arm, and dims the brightest eye. The sceptered monarch, the laurel-crowned warrior, the time-honored sage, poet, statesman, historian, and scholar, all sleep in one common grave of harmonious forgetfulness, amid the silence of the weeping willow or cypress grove. And yet Time continues to witness the crumbling of fallen thrones, the upheavings of empires and kingdoms, and the proudest monuments of art.

MEMORY; OR, THE MAGIC RING.

A STORY FOR MY CHILDREN.

BY STELLA.

On the third finger of my left hand I wear a ring. It looks much like other rings, wrought of gold plainly, and, instead of a sparkling gem, containing—what is worth a great deal more to me—a single plait of hair.

Yet there is something very strange about this ring. Let me whisper to you: it is a magic ring, and shows me such beautiful things. Sometimes it would make your very hearts dance like an eastern sun to see them. For instance: one evening I sat by the open window. The wind was passing over the fields of ripened grain, converting it into flowing waves of gold. The senses were bathed in the odors of new-mown hay. The hard-working bee was just crawling into his hive, weighed down with wax—the gatherings of the day. The whole western sky was a flood of rosy light, and while I gazed at it, I wondered what heaven could be like; for as the glory of this scene poured upon me, I felt as if my soul would faint beneath it.

Presently my eye fell, and rested upon the ring. It did not disturb the sweet thoughts that nature had poured into my heart. There lay, inclosed in the circle of gold, that little lock of auburn hair. It was shorn from the head of my earliest friend and playmate—dear “Mary.”

But, as I continued to look, how was I surprised to see the plait untwisting, and forming itself into tiny ringlets like curling sunbeams, or like a wig of spun glass that you may have seen—so fine and fairy-like. But it did not stop there. When the hair all hung in clustering bunches, I saw beneath a faint mist, that after awhile began to assume, very indistinctly, the form of human features, and at last there flashed out two great brown eyes, as you have seen two stars burst through the evening sky; and then came the white brow, and the nose, and laughing mouth, full of glittering teeth. O was it not beautiful? A perfect face, like the Italian paintings of Beatrice Cenci—so firm, so brave, yet so lovely. Truthfulness was written upon every line.

After the face, the whole form appeared; and it was a little girl, and she was going to school, with her basket, and her dinner, and her satchel of books; and my spirit could discern what the little chatterer was saying, though no mortal ear, save mine, could hear a sound; nor mine, unless my eye was fixed upon the magic ring. She sang, she laughed, she leaped over every object that came in her way.

Though it was ripe summer around me, in the ring it was but the spring-tide; and the bursting roses were not gayer than the child that was playing among them. Soon I saw her pass under the cherry-trees, and come to the white school-house. It was still playtime, and the scholars all gathered around her, and began to speak eagerly of their May-day, for it was fast coming on; and of their

May-Queen, for she was not yet chosen. But the teacher was seen coming along the gravel-walk, and her brow was very stern. They saw that something had displeased her; so the children all walked into the school-room, and sat upon the benches quite mute and still.

As soon as the school was opened she called little Mary to her, and spoke to her angrily. I could not exactly hear what she said, for the ring does not give out distinctly tones of anger; but I gathered that the child had repeated something imprudently, and the teacher was urging her to say who had told her, that the author might be punished. At the first words of rebuke the little girl's face was flushed as a blush-rose, and the tears flashed over it like big drops of summer rain; but when the teacher continued to insist upon her giving the name of her informer, she ceased to weep, and looking calmly up, she replied, “I will not tell, madame.” Then I heard the teacher say something about “a willful falsehood;” and she led the little girl along, who went very quietly, till they came to an “up-stairs” room, away from the school. Into this room Mary was put, and the door was shut and locked, and she was left quite alone.

At first she wept; but after a few moments she threw her cheek upon up over her face, and burst into a laugh, and murmured to herself: “Well, I don't care. It is *not* false; it is true, for sis. told me so. But sis. is sick to-day, and can not come to school; so she will not know it, and I shall not tell, and they can not punish *her*.”

Then she crept to the window, and, climbing upon a stool, she looked at the white blossoms on the tops of the cherry-trees, and listened to a red-bird as it kept singing, “Sweet, O sweet, O sweet, O sweet!” and she wished they would come and let her out. At last her head drooped upon the window-sill, her snowy eyelids closed, and the last tear-drop fell, and lay glittering upon her cheek. She was asleep. Her face grew bright with smiles; and I knew then that the angels were talking to her, and telling her strange stories of the far-off land.

A long time she had thus lain and slept, and smiled to listen to the angels, when she was aroused by a message from her teacher. She returned to the school-room, where she found her sister, who had recovered from her indisposition, and had come to school. Finding Mary absent, she inquired the cause; and when she had learned it, at once avowed the truth. Mary's teacher was then very sorry, and sent for her; and I heard her say to the scholars: “This noble little girl would not tell a falsehood, but preferred being punished herself to having her sister punished. How shall she be rewarded?” And their voices, which sounded in the magic ring as loud as the noise of the humming-bird, shouted out, “She is our Queen of May! our Queen of May!”

Then came the May-day, and the May-pole, and the baskets of roses, and festoons of flowers, and the pattering of busy, happy feet, and Mary walked

in the midst of her companions—their Queen—in a white muslin dress, and a garland around her head, composed of buds, entwisted with green leaves and white roses, half bursting, as emblems of her purity. But when at last they reached the bower, and the little girls began to sing a song of welcome around her, my heart overflowed, tears of joy blinded my eyes, and, before I knew it, I exclaimed, "Dear Mary! dear sister of my heart!" The charm was broken; the vision vanished; and when I wiped away the tears that I might see, nothing remained but the simple plait of auburn hair.

THE ORDER OF KING ALFRED.

Some of our readers may have noticed the newspaper references to the great celebration of the thousandth year of old King Alfred; and all will know, that Alfred was the illustrious founder of the Saxon line of English kings. The Britishers, therefore, and among them most conspicuously our friend and correspondent, Martin F. Tupper, have just gone through with a great celebration, designed to commemorate the name and fame of that glorious monarch. Mr. Tupper, in a recent letter to us, makes the following allusion to the occasion:

"Have you heard in the far west of our Alfred jubilee? How we collected twenty thousand good men and true at old Wantage, the great King's birthplace, and did him all the honors on his thousandth year? Also, at Liverpool—and soon to be at London? The local papers—and Londoners, too—were full of our exploits. You may like to have an extract from my public poem, which may possibly issue in the establishment of the order of merit therein proposed."

The following is the extract sent us by Mr. Tupper, with several revision marks and erasures, which give it a freshness and value it would not otherwise possess:

STABLISH, O Queen! a new-found honor here,
KING ALFRED'S ORDER ON HIS THOUSANDTH YEAR;
For peaceful merit of whatever kind,
The duteous martyr, or the master-mind,
For keen invention and for high-toned art,
For every excellence of head and heart,
For wit and wisdom, holiness and skill,
For man's and woman's God-devoted will,
For all things wise, and generous, and good,
Stablish this seal of England's gratitude!

Let Alfred's badge—his collar, baton, star,
Decorate worth, more worth than that of war:
The pure and patient laborers for truth,
Neglected mentors of our wayward youth;
The pastor, and the poet, and the sage,
Forgotten comforters from youth to age;
The good physician, quick to cheat the grave
Of dying want, whom skill and science save;
The poor man's advocate; the outcasts' friend
Who heals the wounds that woes unkindly rend;
The hero, whatsoe'er his rank or name,
Who does his duty well, and finds it fame;
And the wise phalanx of untitled men
Who wield with giant force the generous pen,
And do more good through all creation still
Than cut-and-dried diplomacy does ill:
O, there are many who would scorn to share
The blood-stain'd ribbon with those courtiers there;

Many, who marvel that for peace and worth
Is dealt a badge most worthless upon earth!

True, these have their reward, more glorious far,
And take small comfort from a tinsel star:
Yet, for the good encouragement of all,
God's creature, Honor, is a mighty call;
And none may scorn, however pure or wise,
Such earthly symbol of a heavenly prize,
Because our Sovereign's praise betokens thus
The praise of God, her Sovereign, upon us!

So, then, let Alfred's bright memorial be
A smile reflected, gracious Queen, from thee!
A smile on merit, wheresoever found,
Topping the clouds or cowering on the ground—
An honor, which the goon, though poor, may gain,
And evil in high places seek in vain,
A wise new bulwark to our Church and state,
KING ALFRED'S ORDER FOR THE GOOD AND GREAT!

THE GOSPEL DAY.

BY MRS. E. WOODMANSEE.

BEHOLD a dawn of Christian light
To fallen man appears:
Its rays increase from age to age,
And lasts to endless years.

The ancient prophets have foretold
This way will surely come—
A highway in the wilderness
To lead the Christian home.

The parched ground a pool becomes,
Where savage nations rove;
The wilderness that's now in gloom
Shall blossom as the rose.

The wilderness was solitude,
Without the smile of spring,
Till holy light the Gospel brought,
And bade her loudly sing.

Her harp that on the willow hung
She grasped with eager hand,
And sung aloud her Maker's praise,
Far in a desert land.

The heralds fly on wings of love
To sound the Savior's name—
From land to land, from sea to sea,
To spread abroad his fame.

Ten thousand heathens hear the word,
And own Messiah's reign;
And every isle and desert waste
Shall join the joyful strain.

TWILIGHT.

All was so still, so soft, in earth and air,
You scarce would start, to meet a spirit there;
Secure that naught of evil could delight
To walk in such a scene, on such a night!

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

APRIL, 1850.

A THOUGHT OR TWO FOR WRITERS OF POETRY.

It is a striking fact in the life of Thomas Campbell, the English poet, that not one-half of all that he ever wrote was made public. We have this upon the authority of his biographer, Dr. Beattie, who tells us that a large part of Campbell's time was taken up in poetic writing; but so punctilious was the poet about his verse, that he was continually erasing and mending his lines. His flow of thought was not the flow of any sudden or happy inspiration. There was no rapidity in his composing. Like an artist setting figures in Mosaic, he cautiously marked the weight, shape, and effect of each particular piece before dropping it into its place. He said several times in the course of his life, that Gertrude of Wyoming was his best piece, but expressed as frequently the idea, that even it was in need of revision and amendment. He was seldom or never satisfied with his compositions. Frequently, at night, he would erase what he had written in the morning. His perseverance was very great; and though he has left but few poetical pieces to the world, these few are of that kind which will have an immortality. The course of Campbell and that of vast numbers of our most modern versifiers are widely at variance. We do not believe in excessive trimming, of course; but we think that if about one-half—a moderate estimate indeed—of all that appears under the name of verse, had been quietly kept at home with its authors, or had died in obscurity, rather than having been thrust before the community, the world would have been quite as well off as it now is. Persons who expect to honor themselves, or who hope to benefit others, must take great pains with whatever they write. This half-way, slipshod, and positively-indifferent manner in which some writers use their pens, is not discreditable simply to themselves, but it is irksome and unprofitable to such persons as are compelled to read their effusions.

Another circumstance in the life of Campbell is very instructive; and it would be well for all who are aspiring to distinction to note it carefully. It is this: the almost impossibility of any individual making writing the sole means of a livelihood. Campbell tried the experiment, but made an almost entire failure. "I was," says he, "by no means without literary employment; but the rock on which I split was over-calculating the gains I could make from them. All artists are apt to make similar mistakes. The author sits down to an engagement, for which he is to have so much per sheet. He gets through what seems a tenth of the work in one day, and in high glee computes thus: Well, at this rate I can count upon so many pounds a day. But innumerable and incalculable interruptions occur. Besides, what has been written to-day may require to be rewritten to-morrow; and thus he finds that a grocer, who sells a pound of figs, and puts a shilling, including threepence of profit, into the till, has a more surely gainful vocation."

But there are other difficulties besides these which will most probably arise and operate against writers in this country. It is scarcely worth while to name them in this connection. Authors, as a general thing, are painfully familiar with them. In England and Scotland things are different from things here, and are probably

more favorable to profound literary culture; yet very few men there are able, either by book or review writing to obtain any thing like a great remuneration for their toils. It is well enough, indeed, for a writer to expect to receive something for what he writes, and he ought to receive something; for literary toil, above all other toils, is the most wearing and consuming on the system; yet he ought not to calculate too much on becoming rich by his pen; for, as the world now is, this would be a Herculean task. We regret, for the sake of many noble spirits, that things are thus, and we trust that the day may not be far off when the labor of the head will be as generally compensated as is the labor of the hand.

THE AUTHOR OF MAMMON.

MAMMON, or Covetousness the Sin of the Church, is a work with which almost every reader in our land is familiar, or, at least, ought to be familiar with. It has been published in almost every variety of form, and has been circulated, in many instances, gratuitously among the members of various Churches. The author of this work—Rev. John Harris, D. D.—is an Englishman by birth and education. He is entirely a gentleman and a Christian in all his deportment. The following account of Dr. Harris, from a distinguished traveler who recently called on him at his home, will be read with interest just at this time:

"Dr. Harris is a younger man than we had expected, and one of the most delightful persons, certainly, we have ever met with. He is unaffected, frank, facetious, at times playful as a child, and always lively and intelligent. You would never guess that he possessed the equivocal honor of being a Doctor of Divinity, or the superior distinction of being the most popular of Christian authors. He is above all airs and pretences—a genuine truth-seeker, as well as a beautiful artist. We are persuaded that, admirable as are many of his treatises, he is destined to do something of a more solid, unique, and enduring structure. He should do so; for his own planetary system of powers has for many years found its solar center in Coleridge, and we can not conceive an abler or more luminous interpretation of that 'great teacher's' religious aspect than he would make."

RULES OF LIFE.

It was said by a celebrated biographer, that, with all his acquaintance with the private histories of great men, he had never read the life of one, whose character had not been formed under the influence of established regulations, which, in general, were written down. There is a most valuable truth embraced in this remark. These regulations, as the writer calls them, are the man's acknowledged principles of action; and when they are thus considered, it is not too much to say of them, that they are essential to a great man's greatness and success. Without rules, or principles, a person floats along on the bosom of the world's tide, regardless of the direction in which the current may impel him, so long as he has a tolerably smooth time at sea. He is ready to do any thing, or sacrifice any thing, however it may cross the conscientious scruples of those having consciences, by which any immediate evil may be avoided, or any immediate good secured. Such a man is a dangerous man. He is to be shunned by every prudent individual in the world. The rising generation, on the other hand, should be trained up to live by correct and

acknowledged rules. These rules they should be accustomed to look at frequently and fully in the face. Every man should become familiar, by constant examination, with his principles and rules of life. In this way he will acquire decision of character, as he will be quick to see, in every emergency, what he habitually allows himself to do. He will acquire influence, because his uniform conduct, his ready action, will give him the reputation of consistency and promptness, without which a person has but little consequence with mankind. Above all, he will be most likely to acquire virtue, wisdom, religion, since it is by a steady course of effort, according to a settled mode of action, that these great ends of life are successfully pursued.

COWPER AND DICKENS.

THE Rev. George Gilfillan, in his "Brief Notes of a Brief Journey through Various Parts of England," thus speaks of Cowper, the poet, and Dickens, the novelist:

"We much doubt if Charles Dickens be capable of sympathizing with the high moral tone, the manly energy, and the prophetic fury of William Cowper. But, as he can certainly relish 'John Gilpin,' and must sympathize with 'Puss and Tiny,' and is thoroughly able to understand the famous punning letters in the 'Correspondence,' he was, we think, bound in gratitude to have contributed his crown and his name to the object. No matter, 'Expostulation' and the 'Task' shall be read after 'Pickwick' and 'Dombey' are forgotten. Dickens is but a 'Cricket on the Hearth;' Cowper was an eagle of God; and not Westminster Abbey itself, but the world, is, and shall be, a fitting monument to his memory. Dickens has tickled fancies; Cowper has saved souls. Even in humor and geniality, qualities undoubtedly possessed by Dickens, we regard Cowper as quite his match. In learning, genius, earnestness, and strength, there is, of course, no comparison."

Mr. Gilfillan, it might be well to add, is not an American, and thus endeavoring to pay Mr. Dickens for his great courtesy to us of this side of the water. He is a native of Scotland, and has no wrongs for which he wishes redress, nor yet any personal pique at his English fellow-citizen.

LORD NELSON.

HORATIO NELSON was born at Burnham Thrope, in Norfolk, England, September 29, 1758. His father, though rector of the parish, and receiving a liberal stipend, had a large family, and was unable to give his son an education of much extent. At the age of twelve, Horatio was sent to sea, under the command of his uncle, Captain Suckling. Naturally small in stature, and of fragile constitution, sea-faring went hard with him. At the battle of Cape St. Vincent, or perhaps previous to it, he lost an eye, and in the expedition against the Isle of Teneriffe, his right arm. By the victories of the Nile and of Trafalgar, Lord Nelson so utterly vanquished the French forces as to give the undisputed possession of the seas to the English during the remainder of the war. "England expects every man to do his duty," was the famous signal given by him on the 21st of October, 1805, just before the battle of Trafalgar. During the battle, a man, with many others stationed in the tops of the French ships, for the purpose of firing at the enemy's crew, aimed a musket at Nelson, who was readily distinguished by the stars of the various orders which he insisted upon wearing. The shot fired took

effect, and he died the same day at half-past four o'clock, amid shouts of victory from the British squadron. His age was forty-seven. He was buried at St. Paul's, London; and when, at his funeral, his flag was about to be lowered into the grave, the sailors who assisted at the ceremony tore it in pieces, that each might have a relic of their immortal commander.

Great regret has usually been indulged by some that Nelson fell thus early in life. On the authority, however, of persons well acquainted with his physical constitution, it is stated that he could not have survived many months, even had he escaped death at Trafalgar, and never gone into battle again. He was slowly wasting under the influence of consumption; and for some time previous to his fall, he was a mere skeleton—the shadow only of vigorous life. So far as this world reckons glory, it was better for him to die, as he did, in battle, covered with the laurels of victory, than to have pined existence away in the quietude of home.

EXCELLENCES OF KNOWLEDGE.

THERE are two excellences in knowledge: first, that it offers to every man his peculiar inducement to good. To the selfish man it says, "Serve mankind, and you serve yourself;" to the exalted it says, "In choosing the best plan to secure your own happiness, you have the high satisfaction of promoting the happiness of others." The second excellence of knowledge, in the modified language of a living author, is this, that even the selfish man, when he has once begun to love virtue from little motives, loses the motive as he increases the love, and at last worships the deity, where before he only coveted gold upon its altar.

A DANGEROUS BOOK.

THE Bible, according to Rome, is a dangerous book. But how is it dangerous? It is dangerous for infidelity, which it confounds; it is dangerous to sins, which it curses; it is dangerous to hypocrisy, which it unmasks; it is dangerous to the world, which it condemns; it is dangerous to every man who by perseverance continues in wickedness, and who, by attempting to smother the light of truth, brings destruction both upon his own soul and that of his fellow-man.

FLUENCY AND EXPRESSION.

No fallacy is greater than that which confounds fluency with expression. Auctioneers and schoolboys can exceed the best statesman in fluency; but the words of the latter are to the former as the roll of thunder to the patter of rain. A large number of writers repose almost infinite confidence in words. If their minds are but filled with the epithets of poetry, they imagine that they have clutched its essence. "Felicity of language is a merit," says Whipple; "fluency is not. There is such a thing, likewise, as making a style the expression of the nature of the writer who uses it. The rhetorical arrangement of Johnson is often pedantic; but it does not appear so bad in his writings as in the monstrous masses of verbiage beneath which the thin frames of his imitators are crushed. The style of Carlyle is faulty when judged by the general rules of taste; but we should not desire that the rough gallop of his sentences should be changed for the graceful ambling of Addison's, without a corresponding change in his psychological condition." Verbiage, or a redundancy of epithets, is a fault which has been charged upon American writers.

NEW BOOKS.

A SYSTEM OF ANCIENT AND MODERN GEOGRAPHY. By Charles Anthon, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850.—This invaluable work is, for the most part, an abridgment of the great work on the Ancient Geography of Greece, Italy, and Asia Minor, by Cramer, filled out by liberal quotations from other sources. Mr. Anthon is the most laborious compiler of modern times. That is his talent—his profession—his business; and he has been quite successful in it. This work we deem decidedly the best on the subject extant in any language. No classical scholar will be, no classical student ought to be, without it. Sold by Swormstedt & Power.

MEMOIRALS OF PRISON LIFE. By Rev. James B. Finley. Cincinnati: Swormstedt & Power. 1850.—This work, contrary to what may be imagined, is a religious production, intended and well calculated to aid parents in rearing their children to virtuous life, and in impressing upon their tender minds the dangers and deceitfulness of sin. It is for all to read, and will do good to all. The whole spirit of it can be caught from the following paragraph, with which the author opens and undertakes his work:

"Will the reader sit down with an aged man, who has seen nearly his threescore years and ten—who has lived to witness the rising and falling of many in this world—who has observed much and reflected long on the causes of good and evil fortune in the affairs of mankind at large, and listen to a series of revelations which he has now to make of the miseries resulting inevitably from crime? Will the fathers and mothers of the land honor me with a patient hearing, while I lay before them the certain results of bad example, of bad instructions, of bad household government? Will the sons and daughters, now in the bloom of youth, and hope, and happiness, sit by the old man's side, that they may hear of the latter end of those who despise the instruction of their earthly parents, and deliver themselves up to the counsels of the ungodly? Will the teachers of our country favor me with a listening ear, that the wisdom to be derived from other men's painful experience may be coupled with their own, in building up the character and prospects of the rising generations? Will the legislators, the philosophers, the philanthropists of America, and of other countries, so far condescend as to hear words from the mouth of one so humble, which, if wrought over by their higher judgment, may effect something toward the elucidation of important questions, not only in reference to prison discipline, but particularly in relation to numerous social evils and the methods of removing them?"

It is selling with great rapidity—as fast as they can be manufactured. It is a duodecimo of three hundred and fifty-four pages, neatly printed, beautifully bound, and sold for the low price of seventy-five cents per copy, with the usual discount to wholesale purchasers.

BUNYAN'S COMPLETE WORKS. Philadelphia: John Ball. 1850.—To praise the works of the famous old tinker of Bedford would be out of taste; and it is, therefore, necessary to say only, that this edition of his works is, in our opinion, the most splendid yet produced in this country. Mr. Ball bids fair to beat the world in the external appearance of his publications; while the internal character, so long as he adheres to his present resolution, of publishing nothing but standard works, or works worthy of becoming standard, will be all that could be wished. We repeat, that we have nothing on our shelves, from any publishers in America, equal for elegance to this edition of Bunyan's works. It is sold, however, in less costly style. Swormstedt & Power.

SOUTH'S SERMONS; a New Edition in Four Volumes, including his Posthumous Discourses. Philadelphia: John Ball. 1850.—This is a new edition of the same work before published by Sorin & Ball. Two volumes are bound in one. The volumes are substantially bound, printed on superb paper, with clear type, and, in every way, worthy of Ball's rising fame as a publisher. South's Sermons are very extensively and familiarly known; and they have been admired in Europe and in America, by all classes of readers, for their sound thoughts, clear arrangement, searching and far-reaching views, liberal

and comprehensive scope, and, particularly, for the enchanting home-bred splendor of their style. To all those who like to read and profit by such books, we say, this is the edition for them to buy.

A COMPENDIUM OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY. By Dr. John C. L. Gieseler, Consistorial Counselor and Ordinary Professor of Theology in Göttingen. Translated from the German. By Samuel Davidson, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849.—This is a work in two volumes octavo, in every way well executed, and sold at a very moderate price. It is very different from any ecclesiastical history before in vogue. Mosheim, the great standard, following his subject chronologically and topically at the same time, runs into quite a monotony, though his many virtues redeem him entirely from censure and cover him with renown. This production, though both chronological and topical, like its illustrious predecessor, has an arrangement and almost a chronology of its own. It is altogether original in its way. We like it much. It sets each subject distinctly by itself. You spend no time in hunting for what you wish to reach. It is right there before you. Each discussion is characterized by immense research; and the notes are decidedly the most valuable portion of the book. If a person desires to pursue the study of Church history on his own account, and profoundly, he can find in these volumes notices of nearly all the works he will have to study or consult. It is a perfect store-house of this kind of lore. Sold by Swormstedt & Power.

HISTORY OF THE GREAT REFORMATION OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY IN GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, ETC. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigne. Four Volumes in one. Complete. Philadelphia: John Ball. 1850.—Having recently noticed Carter's edition of this noble work, and having before expressed our exact opinion concerning its general character, it is left us now to say, merely, that Ball's edition is a very perfect one, got up with his usual good taste, and sold at a very low price. We would rejoice to see this history read and studied every-where; for it tells truths that ought to be universally known, particularly throughout the Mississippi valley, where Catholicism is making such efforts to mislead the people. Let the book be read. Sold by Swormstedt & Power.

A REPORT OF THE HOMOEOPATHIC ASSOCIATION OF CINCINNATI. Bradley & Anthony. 1849.

THE CHOLERA IN CINCINNATI; or a Connected View of the Controversy between the Homoeopaths and the Methodist Expositor, etc. By S. A. Latta, M. D. Morgan & Oerend. 1850.

The above are two octavo pamphlets. The second is a review of the first; and they are, therefore, here placed in juxtaposition. Not being a physician, neither party would permit us to decide between them on a medical question; but respecting the question of veracity, it being a moral one, we might try to form some clear opinion were we certain we had all the facts. So far as the pamphlets speak, the facts are these: 1. Drs. Felte and Ehrmann, Homoeopathic physicians, claim to have treated, during the prevalence of the epidemic in Cincinnati, 1,116 cholera patients, only thirty-five of whom died; of whom two were Americans and the remainder foreigners. 2. This claim was set forth, soon after the cessation or abatement of the epidemic, in the public prints, as most physicians were making communications to the papers, at that time, respecting the fearful scourge. 3. Their claim was contested by Dr. Latta, in the columns of the Methodist Expositor, of which paper Dr. Latta is the well-known editor. He charged them with having lost nine Americans. 4. There being, then, an issue formed between gentlemen of high standing, on a question of veracity, the Homoeopathic Society of Cincinnati appointed a committee of five citizens of unimpeachable character, to investigate the facts in the case, and report according to their finding. 5. The committee performed the duty and reported in a pamphlet of forty-eight octavo pages, in which, on the showing of said committee, the nine cases charged by Dr. Latta and the two acknowledged by Drs. Felte and Ehrmann might be reduced to one; for all the others published by Dr. Latta were either the patients of other physicians, or died of other diseases; and one of the nine reported by Dr. Latta as

having died of cholera in the hands of the Homoeopaths was "alive and well." The remainder of the first pamphlet is not material, not touching the question of veracity, nor the claim of success set up by the Homoeopaths and denied by Dr. Latta. The second pamphlet reviews the report of the committee, denies their competency to discuss medical subjects—the chief and only important question being a moral one, however—reduces the original charge to six deaths, so far as the nine before charged are concerned, but adds nine others, which the reviewer professes to have had reported to him on good authority. He, of course, did not expect the public would give much weight to the second charge, as it is considerably more "ex-parte" than the report of the committee, which he thinks is so much so as to be unworthy of any confidence. The remainder of this pamphlet does not bear upon the question of veracity; and that is the only one which the doctors themselves will expect "non-professional gentlemen," as Dr. Latta calls men not physicians, to decide. Such, then, is the point at issue. We have endeavored to look at it fairly. The strongest impression on our mind is, that, if it be possible that 1,116 cholera patients can be attended with a loss of only thirty-five, the success is astonishing, whoever may have been the practitioners; and whether six or sixteen were Americans, is of no great consequence to the public. We have been informed that Dr. Latta himself had marked success during the prevalence of the epidemic—as great, for aught we know, as that claimed by the Homoeopaths; but, in all candor, we can not see that his pamphlet clearly refutes the claim of his opponents, though we were obliged, after reading his pamphlet, to mark one or two of the nine cases doubtful. There is one feature of the controversy which we are pained to see. It is the loss of temper now and then manifested. The Homoeopaths treat their Allopathic brother rather cavalierly in their reply to the charges in the Expositor. Thereupon the valourous editor, who is always "spurred and goaded" for a tilt, raises his lance, accuses them with writing very bad English, and of knowing little or nothing of chemistry. We will venture to hint, however, that it would be difficult for a chemist to discover the existence of corrosive sublimate in a cup of water which contained only the

100,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000th part of a grain of the subtle poison. Is not that what the Homoeopaths mean, and not that corrosive sublimate has no chemical test? Respecting the English style of these German doctors, it is not in good taste to say much; because a foreigner is not bound to write our language well, as are ourselves and Dr. Latta; and yet, not only ourselves, but the Doctor also, sometimes makes a slip of grammar, as may be seen in page twenty-four, eleventh line, of his pamphlet. Whatever success he may have had in the medical branch of the controversy, he well knows, that Queen Victoria will not allow him to say, "Let us, the people, discuss the claims of the different systems." These little things, on both sides, are the bubbles of our old human nature. We are sorry to see them in a discussion so important. Having never taken a single seed of Homoeopathy in our life, only as an experiment of its merits, we do not feel bound to defend it; but having walked nearly the whole of the journey of our past life, and many times to the borders of the land of death, with our old friend Allopathy, we feel at liberty to give him a gentle hint, now and then, if we think he needs it. Were it our business to give calomel, instead of taking it, we would get all the practice possible by fair means, but would not open our mouth about any other pathy or *tem*, if we had to beg our bread. Were we a Homoeopathist, or Hydropathist, or Outopathist, and should we receive a thousand attacks, we would snap our fingers, go ahead, and make money and a good name by the operation. Let all parties study secretly and diligently, but practice openly and honestly; and we, the people, have just sense enough to find out which kills or cures the most. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

HEAVEN'S ANTIDOTE TO THE CURSE OF LABOR. By John Allan Quinton. New York: Samuel Houston. 1850.—This little work is a perfect gem. We hope to notice it more at large.

RECENT BOOKS.

MEMOIRS OF SEVERAL WESLEYAN PREACHERS. New York: Lane & Sanford. 1843.—These Memoirs have been sold and read extensively; but they have not had the success which they merit. We call attention to them again. No sort of reading is better fitted to a certain class of minds, than the lives of those men, who have been active in the way in which these individuals spent their lives. If history, as an ancient author once said, be philosophy teaching by example, we can see no reason why the remark will not be even of greater force when applied to biography.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. ANGELINE B. SEARS. With Extracts from her Correspondence. By Mrs. Melinda Hamling. Cincinnati: Swormstedt & Power. 1850.—This excellent little work would have been noticed by us several months ago, had a copy of it been laid upon our table; but its authoress will perceive at once, that, had it been written in our own house, with the constant press of business which we have upon our mind, it could hardly happen that we would ever think to go and hunt up a book, when we have all the while before our eyes a larger number than we can notice. In general, we notice nothing that is not delivered to us. We did, however, once call upon the clerks for this work; but they had not a copy of it on hand. We are pleased with the book. It is an account of a Christian experience, of which the Church ought to have many more examples. Mrs. Sears was the daughter of Moses Brooks, Esq., of Mount Auburn, near Cincinnati. We have no personal knowledge of her, and have no acquaintance, whatever, in her father's family; but such a ripe Christian as she seems to have been would be an honor to any social circle. We trust the work will have a circulation equal to its merits. Sold by Swormstedt & Power.

THE UNIVERSALISM; or, Confessions of Universalism: a Poem in Twelve Cantos. To which are added Lectures on Universalism, etc. By Arthur Crikfield. Cincinnati: E. Shepard. 1849.—The poem here referred to is a rough satire upon Universalism. It is as coarse as saw-dust, and about as worthless, though, with a higher moral purpose, the author is capable of inditing tolerably-fair verses. He is naturally a poet, and at that a satirist; but his taste is too earthly, too *ad populum vulgum*, too *ad ecclesiam "buzum"*, for the business he has undertaken. If his object was to make more Universalists, to madden those before made, and to disgust the better part of the Christian public, we think he has succeeded.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND TRACT CATALOGUE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. New York: Lane & Scott. 1849.—This is a fine specimen of an arranged and illustrated catalogue. On a fly-leaf there is a map of the central section of New York city, which includes Mulberry-street and the Book Concern. It is inserted for the convenience of friends going to the Concern from the country, and saves all necessity for inquiry. Next is a front view of the Book Concern itself, which looks as near like-life as a mass of dead brick can look. The book then opens with likenesses of Wesley and Raikes, after which all manner of information respecting the needs and supplies of Sabbath schools is poured forth in great abundance. In every way, the pamphlet is timely and useful; and we advise all persons interested to furnish themselves with it, rather than depend on the opinion, or judgment, of those connected with the Concern respecting their wants. We see only one mistake. It is contained in the following sentence: "Wesley—Raikes. These great men were contemporaries. Raikes is distinguished as the founder of Sunday schools." It is time for this oft-repeated error to be corrected. Raikes was not the founder of Sabbath schools. He introduced them into England. That is all. We can show that they existed, in one form or another, in every age of the Christian Church, almost to the days of the apostles. But this is not the place to do it. We can show that they existed even in Catholic countries; that they flourished almost a century before Raikes; and that, in some countries, they were protected and fostered by the statute laws. But we can say no more. This error is not chargeable upon brother Kidder. It has become atmospheric. The world has been breathing it for years.

PERIODICALS.

THE KNICKERBOCKER for March, 1850, is more than a usually-good number. Besides its Literary Notices and Editor's Table, it has the following list of articles:

1. *The German Harts*—a good description of those mountains—spiced with stories.
2. *The Heart and the World*—fine poetry.
3. *The Hermit of Utica*—curious.
4. *A Picture*—a little poetical gem.
5. *A Collegiate Poetical Address*—very good.
6. *The Two Artists*—deeply interesting.
7. *Outlaws*—poetical—fair.
8. *Do not Strain your Punch*.—Not being a drinker of punch, we have let this pass.
9. *They will Return no more*—fair poetry.
10. *The Carousel*—poetry—singular—original—a little after the Hood fashion.
11. *Two Characters*—well drawn.
12. *Visions*—poetry—fair.
13. *Discussion*—more poetry—appropos—worth the price of the volume.
14. *Stratford-on-Avon*—good, but nothing new.
15. *Janette*—queer—by a queer fellow certainly.
16. *The Water Dream*—poetry again—not bad.
17. *Reminiscences of College Life*—an introductory chapter.
18. *Brother and Sister*—poetry again—pretty fair.

The Literary Notices are only two in number. That on Emerson is rather flattering, but, in the main, just. The Editor's Table is, as always, highly entertaining.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for January is rather late in reaching us, but it is always welcome. It comes through Post & Co., Cincinnati, agents for the excellent republications of Leonard Scott & Co., New York. Its articles are:

1. *Natural History of Man*—a discussion of the unity and varieties of the human race.
2. *Clergy Relief Bill*—a contemptible defense of the recent high-church measures against Mr. Shore and other persecuted clergymen.
3. *Agriculture*—a very able and interesting paper on the subject of wet lands and the process of draining.
4. *Memoirs of Lord Clonmurry and Mr. John O'Connell*—a Tory stab.
5. *Free Trade*—an illustrated critique of the doctrine of free trade.
6. *Venice*—excepting a characteristic coloring and misstatement of facts, a pretty liberal article for the Quarterly.
7. *Lord Clarendon and the Orange Institution*—not read.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE—Number 302—is hardly equal to the average of this popular production. It has great variety, there being in it a large number of pieces on dissimilar subjects; but there is no article of great power or worth. The one on Turkey and Christendom is the leader; but that is full of small errors, both of fact and of opinion. It will, however, accomplish good. The article on America, from the Examiner, is so severe a hit upon our good-natured country, as to be truly laughable. We make a single extract, that our readers may have a little sport at the expense of our British critic:

"We hear nothing, at the present day, so commonly or unblushingly repeated throughout the Union, as that the laws are a dead letter when public feeling is against them. Nor is even this plea of public feeling at all times necessary to weaken or impair their efficiency. Private interests will serve very well upon occasion. In a melancholy case which occurred a few years back, when the son of a distinguished American statesman was hanged without trial at the yard-arm of an American frigate for a meditated act of mutiny, Captain Slidell Mackenzie justified the deed in a remarkable narrative afterward published with his name, in the course of which he stated, that it would not have been in nature for the culprit's father not to interpose to save him, and 'that for those who had money and friends in America there was no punishment for the worst of crimes.'

"An article in one of the newspapers brought by the last packet has recalled this incident to our recollection. Have

our readers forgotten the riots which drove Mr. Macready from America, and gratified the spleen of a bad American actor at the cost of between twenty and thirty lives? These disgraceful scenes are now seven months old, and though indictments were preferred and found at the time against the principal rioters, only one man has been punished, and that slightly. The most guilty still walk about unpunished, and do not scruple to assert that the authorities dare not bring them to trial."

THE SOUTHERN METHODIST PULPIT, edited by Charles F. Deems, for February, 1850, brings,

1. *A Sermon*, being number seven of the series in the work, by William W. Redman, on the support of the ministry—a useful topic; for we are satisfied, that the laborious and self-sacrificing ministers of our day are not much more than half supported. The fixed rates are decidedly too low. One dollar, when these rates were settled, was worth more than two dollars are worth in these flush days of excessive banking and California gold. Why do we cling to an old custom, when every body can see how unjust and wrong it is?
2. *Right and Wrong Uses of Riches*, by Rev. Wm. Winans, D. D., which treats incidentally upon the same topic. Both discourses are calculated to do good.
3. *Editorial Miscellany*, which, though not as extensive as usual, is interesting. The Pulpit is an excellent work; and we hope it will meet with an adequate support.

THE UNITED STATES MAGAZINE AND DEMOCRATIC REVIEW for February, 1850, is a good number, containing no less than fifteen articles, several of them of sterling value:

1. *General Lopez*—the Cuban patriot.
2. *Chateaubriand's Sketches of English Literature*—very good.
3. *Rationale of Land Reform*, by our talented townsman, L. A. Hine—philosophical and able.
4. *The Wind and the Weathercock*—poetic.
5. *Young Ireland*—an interesting sketch of the recent Irish movement.
6. *Song of the Ejected Tenant*—fair poetry.
7. *Cedar Glades*—Chapter 2 and 3—not read.
8. *The Manic*—poetry—without the "fine frenzy" of the poetical.
9. *There's a Good Time Coming*—reasons for the failure of the recent European revolutions, and better prospects betokened.
10. *Hon. Emory D. Potter, M. C., of Ohio*—a good paper, doing credit to our fellow-citizen.
11. *Stanzas*—fair poetry.
12. *Tour to the Caucasus*—an interesting review of Mr. Ditson's captivating book.
13. *Financial and Commercial Review*.
14. *Political Miscellany*—entertaining.
15. *Notices of New Books*.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW AND WHIG JOURNAL for February:

1. *Report of the Secretary of the Treasury*—a flattering review.
2. *M'lle. de la Seigliere*—Number twelve—not read.
3. *Aspects of Nature*—a review of Alexander von Humboldt's work of the same title.
4. *The Shipwreck*—a ballad in the olden style, but not with the olden spirit.
5. *The Cabriolet*, by Ik. Marvel—like all of Ik.'s dottings, most readable indeed.
6. *Everstone*—continuation of a story—not read.
7. *The Mosquito Question*—not designed to show how the musketoes can be kept away from the Anglo-Saxons and other white men, but how the Anglo-Saxons can be kept off from taking possession of the Mosquitoes. *Shoo!*
8. *Congressional Summary*—a very valuable syllabus of the doings of Congress for the previous month—not lengthy; for the good reason that Congress has done next to nothing; and there was, consequently, but little to say.
9. *Domestic and Foreign Summary*—good.
10. *Critical Notices*.—This number is not quite equal to many of its predecessors.

There is quite a number of periodicals on our table, but, for lack of room, we can not now notice them.

NEWSPAPERS.

J. J. ROBERTS, the President of Liberia, announces that the slave-trade has been effectually abolished at Gallinas, and thus the chief obstacle removed to its purchase by the Liberian government.

Professor Kollenati, of Berlin, has propounded a theory that men shed their skins as animals do their coats; and that, like them, they assume a thicker or a thinner covering—a natural skin he means—according to the climate in which they reside. When this change is effected, man is said to be acclimated.

A Hamburg firm have purchased from the Prince de Joinville one-third of his lands in Brazil, and intend establishing a German colony thereon, in the vicinity of Santa Catharina.

Over twenty-two thousand deaths occurred in New York city during the last year—about one in twenty. The ordinary ratio for the last few years has been from ten to fifteen thousand.

We mount the ladder of fortune by several steps, but we require only one step to come down.

Paris boasts, says a writer on self-destruction, the largest number of suicides. London comes next. In the latter there were, between 1770 and 1830, no less than 7,192; of these 2,833 were females.

Sir Thomas More remarked to the executioner by whom he was to perish, that the scaffold was extremely weak. "I pray you, friend, see me up safe," said he, "and for coming down let me shift for myself!"

If you wish oaks, plant acorns; if you wish a fortune, plant dollars; but if you prefer happiness, sow the seeds of virtue, and "cultivate them with charity."

"Twenty-four hours make one day," say the table books; but at Spitzbergen there is one day in the year which lasts 2,500 hours.

The expenses for the navy and marine of the United States, for the last year, were almost eleven millions—\$10,898,345 86.

Arithmetic is a science differently studied by fathers and sons—the former generally confining themselves to addition, and the latter to subtraction.

It has been said with a great deal of truth, that "he who is always disputing about religion generally has very little religion to dispute about."

In 1681 Henry Dow was chosen town clerk of Hampton, New Hampshire. Since that time the office has been in the family, and held by himself and descendants one hundred and twenty-nine years. He held it himself twenty-one years to begin with.

Liverpool, the first commercial city of England, the very counterpart of New York, with the same population, affords only one daily paper. New York supports over a dozen flourishing dailies, and a host of weeklies.

The number of conscripts, or enrolled soldiers, for the French army, from 1761 to 1813, was 4,500,000 men. Of this number Napoleon levied 2,476,000. In twenty-two years the total number of persons slain in war, and in butcheries, was ten millions.

The Emperor of Russia has seventeen ships of the line in the Black Sea, and the Sultan of Turkey has twelve, nearly all of which were built by American mechanics, and are among the most superb specimens of naval architecture in the world.

An ancient papyrus, on which part of the Iliad is written, has been found in the hand of a mummy at Monfalout in Egypt.

The Methodists in England have determined to erect a college in one of the most vicious and destitute portions of London for the gratuitous education of the poor.

France contains 107 open libraries; Austria, 49; Prussia, 44; Bavaria, 17; Belgium, 14; Tuscany, 9; Saxony, 6; Denmark, 5.

When we feel a strong desire to thrust our advice upon others, it is merely because we suspect their weakness; but we ought rather to suspect our own.

A willow is growing in the navy-yard at Washington, which was brought from the tomb of Napoleon on the island of St. Helena.

In Prussia the telegraph wires are laid under ground.

The organ once belonging to Handel is now in a small but beautiful chapel in the parish of Whitechurch, Little Stanmore, ten miles from London.

The consumption of coal in England and Wales is estimated at 3,500,000 tons yearly for manufacturing purposes, and 5,500,000 for household purposes.

A farmer in England, whose farm is on the site of an ancient Roman encampment, recently found six large gold oval rings, weighing nineteen ounces of pure gold.

The best method of charring the surface of wood, is to wet it with the most highly-concentrated oil of vitriol.

Two hundred and fifty millions of oranges are annually imported into Great Britain.

The chamois and ibex, the goat of Cashmere, and the Pamir sheep live at an elevation loftier than the granite peak of Mont Blanc.

A project is making for sending a large number of the seamstresses of London to Australia. The cost of a female emigrant passage to Australia is fifteen pounds.

Sir Gabriel Wood, late commissary-general, England, bequeathed £70,000 to erect and endow a hospital at Greenock for shipwrecked and distressed mariners.

The number of Indians that have been removed by the United States government from this to the other side of the Mississippi, is 95,000. 25,000 are yet to be removed.

The Supreme Court of Maine has decided that "howling saloons are a nuisance," and the Legislature of Connecticut that circuses are the same.

The slave-trade in the neighborhood of Cape Coast, Africa, continues to be very brisk. Slaves are sold there at thirty-two dollars apiece.

California would make forty-five states of the size of New Hampshire! The sea-coast extends nearly a thousand miles, and the territory extends into the interior twelve hundred miles.

There are 1,538 German newspapers published in Europe, and probably as many English newspapers in the United States.

A college of navigation and practical science, for seamen, is now established in London.

So many Artesian wells have been sunk in London, that they have lowered the subterranean reservoirs and ceased to furnish a supply.

In England one man in three, and one woman in two, are obliged to sign their names with marks when they are married.

The Finnish language has the peculiarity of being without prepositions; to remedy which defect, the cases of the nouns are varied to the number of sixteen.

"What is wanting," said Napoleon one day to Madame Campan, "in order that the youth of France be well educated?" "Good mothers," was the reply. The Emperor was most forcibly struck with the answer. "Here," said he, "is a system in two words."

An English gardener has, for more than twenty years past, kept down the weeds in gravel walks, without any apparent bad effect, by sprinkling over them annually dry salt, in dry weather, and then sweeping it thinly and regularly with a broom.

Whatever instruction is reaped from history may be reaped from a newspaper, which is the history of the world for one day. It is the history of that world in which we now live, and with which we are, consequently, more concerned than with those which have passed away, and exist only in remembrance.

A German paper says that suspension of life, caused by prussic acid, is only apparent; life is immediately restored by pouring acetate of potash and common salt dissolved in water, on the head and spine. In this country, rabbits have been at once recovered from the effects of prussic acid by this means.

Scores of foxes were caught in the frozen regions by Sir James Ross' expedition, and turned into "two-penny post-men," by putting copper collars around their necks, stamped with the names and positions of the ships, and the localities of the provision depots. These foxes range enormous distances, and some of them will probably be caught by Sir John Franklin's party, if it still survive.

A discovery has been made of wild cinnamon-trees, growing in abundance among the hills of Jamaica.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE month of showers has come. Out, reader, and let the rain sprinkle your dry locks. Go, look to your garden beds, and vine-frames, and shrub-boxes, and sun-loving flowers. Let no time be lost. The season of enjoyment has come. You are no more barricaded by snow, or long rains, or foul walking, within doors. All is inviting and beautiful without. Go, out of your closet, where you have been too long confined, and catch the inspiration of the season, which comes breathing through the valleys and over the green hills. Go, and get refreshment for your body, and vigor and elasticity for your mind. Your religious condition, also, will be improved by a free ramble through the woods, and along the fields, where you can occasionally stand still, and contemplate the movements of Deity in all the outbreathing beauties of the opening of the year. You will behold all nature in the attitude of prayer. The grass, the roots of the trees, the young leaves, the bursting flowers, all things around and above you, are praying for sunlight, for soft winds, for heaven's warm showers, for night's gentle dews. There is worship around you, and above you, as well as prayer. The birds of the greenwood are hymning their Creator in their choicest strains. The new-born brooks are prattling their little anthems as they flow. The very cattle upon the hills, though not gifted in speech, are not ashamed of their duty, or fastidious of their voices, but, while conscious of their infelicities of manner, nobly swell the general thanksgiving by doing what they can. All things are beseeching and praising God. God looks down benignantly upon them all. From the broad, blue firmament, and through the openings of the fleecy clouds, by day and by night, come the smiles of his affection, and the sweet glances of his love. Go, reader, stand out beneath them; and you will return a healthier, happier, better man!

We have not found a convenient opportunity, till this moment, for the continuation of our acknowledgments to the papers of our exchange list.

It is necessary, first of all, to say, that, in our January notices, we did not omit the Texas Wesleyan Banner, so ably edited by the Rev. Chauncey Richardson, out of design, but by necessity. We wrote a paragraph respecting it, and handed it to the printer, but it was too late for insertion, the columns being full. We are greatly pleased with the Banner. There is no paper in the extreme south equal to it. Mr. Richardson is a scholar, a Christian, a gentleman, and a first-rate editor.

Our Canadian exchanges, the Christian Guardian and the Canada Christian Advocate, the former edited anonymously, and the latter by Rev. Thomas Webster, are always welcome to our table. The Guardian is characterized by its brief and judicious extracts, taken from the best English and American sources, and by a manly and open avowal of opinion. We read it with increasing satisfaction. The Advocate depends more upon editorial leaders and minor articles, though it is not deficient in quotations of a sterling character. It is doing its work with zeal, energy, and ability.

The Illinois Advocate and Lebanon Journal, edited by our old class-mate and friend, Rev. Erastus Wentworth, A. M., President of McKendree College, is a very spirited sheet, full of life and animation. President Wentworth is assisted by several of his colleagues, who generally put their last initial to their contributions. We see oftentimes the letter C. appended to the shorter paragraphs. This stands, undoubtedly, for Professor Cummings, a gentleman of very keen faculties. In all respects, this is a popular and useful publication.

The Vermont Christian Messenger, published at Montpelier, and edited by Rev. E. J. Scott, is doing excellent service among the green hills and greener valleys of the Verd-Mont state. We like it especially for its pacific tone. It is effecting much toward the spread of a pure and peaceable religion.

At the head of our neutral but secular exchanges we must place the name of the Boston Mercantile Journal, edited by J. S. Sleeper, Esq., which we consider by far the best family paper, not religious, in the Union. For many years we have been a constant reader of its columns; and we have never noticed a paragraph which could not be read, with all propriety, in any family circle. It is highly moral, considerably literary,

opposed to all improper amusements, and prompt in its news departments.

Nearer home we have the Indiana State Journal, ably conducted by our friend, J. D. Deffries, Esq., who makes not only one of the best-looking, but one of the most candid and upright, political papers in the country.

The Ohio State Journal, edited by Mr. Bascom, a gentleman with whom we have very recently formed a most agreeable acquaintance, is going on in the even tenor of its way, pelting its opponents and receiving pelts most lustily and good-naturedly.

The Statesman, side by side with the Journal, is under the management of Samuel Medary, Esq., of which we can not speak from any long acquaintance, having but just placed it upon our list. We perceive it has a good degree of political spirit, and, as a party paper, is generally well received by its numerous friends. We shall notice other papers at a future time.

Our embellishments for the month are Ocean Hill and The Invalid. Ocean Hill is one of the series we have been giving, from the hand of that first of American engravers, James Smilie, Esq., of New York city. Like its predecessors, it is beautiful indeed. It represents the monument of Atwater, surrounded by other monuments, with the spray of the ocean rising in the rear. It is a representation of the highest state of perfection to which the monumental art, if we may so call it, has advanced in modern times. The other engraving is altogether of a different class. It is different, not by accident, but by design. It presents to view a mother of a former generation, with her two children, one of whom is sick and bolstered up in the big armed chair. The whole fashion of the plate is of a time gone by; but the home-bred simplicity of the thing, and its whole aspect, will remind those of us, who learned the art of breathing in country places, of other days. In looking at it, we have *thought* a poem, but have not the skill to *write* it. The reader must, therefore, both think it and write it for himself.

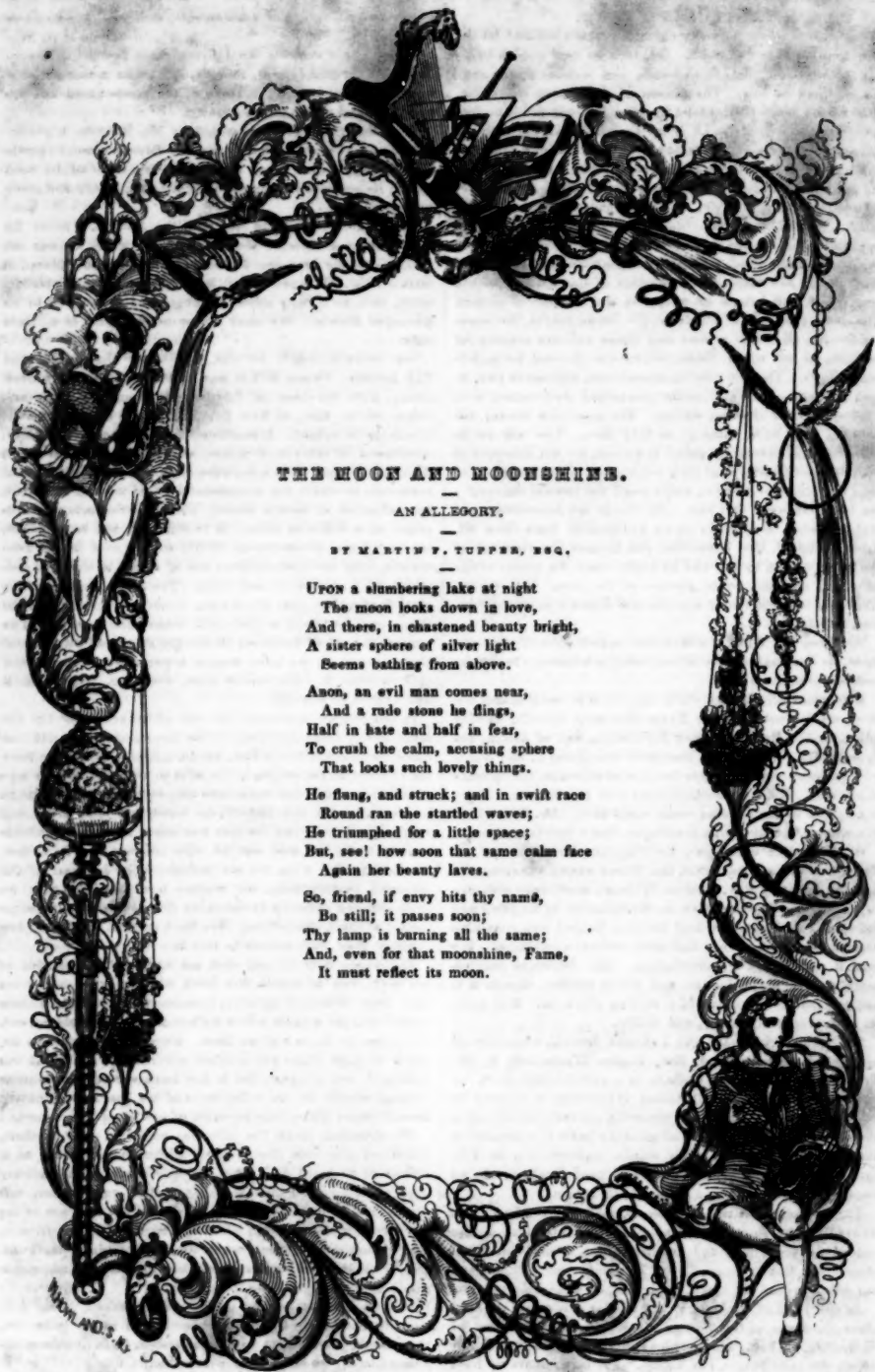
In our last we apologized, as well as we could, for the absence of the usual Pen-Portrait for the month. We did not know the cause of the failure, but imagined it must have been the sickness of the writer, as the offer to write the articles was entirely his own. Our conjecture was nearly correct. Though he has not been sick himself, his family has been much and seriously afflicted; and for this and other now uncontrollable circumstances he will not be able to continue it farther. Though, in this way, we are providentially deprived of the promised contributions, our readers need not fear that we shall find any difficulty in supplying the deficiency with other matter of the highest value. We have more of it than we can possibly print from month to month.

We ought here to add that we have several articles of our own, one of which has been once in type, which we have been obliged to lay over, from month to month, in order to give way for articles which we had promised should appear, if written for us, in a given time. Furnishing, as we now do, seven or eight pages per number, our readers may think our apology is out of place; but it has been our custom to write leading articles for our columns; and we can hardly content ourselves longer without having more of our finger in the sport.

We cheerfully insert the following notice of the Publishers, which we clip from the Western Christian Advocate, as it affects us as much as it does our colleagues. We sincerely hope all our correspondents, when writing on business, will direct their communications to the Publishers and not to us; for, though we are always glad to accommodate our friends, the risk to them is greater when they send their business letters to us forgetful editors, than when they send to those who are to do their business for them:

"TAKE NOTICE.—If our correspondents expect to see their communications on business acknowledged in the letter list, they should direct them to Swomstedt & Power. If not addressed to us, we can not be responsible."

In our next we shall give a list of articles on file for publication, excepting of course those noticed in our issue for last month.



THE MOON AND MOONSHINE.

—
AN ALLEGORY.

—
BY MARTIN F. TUPPER, ESQ.

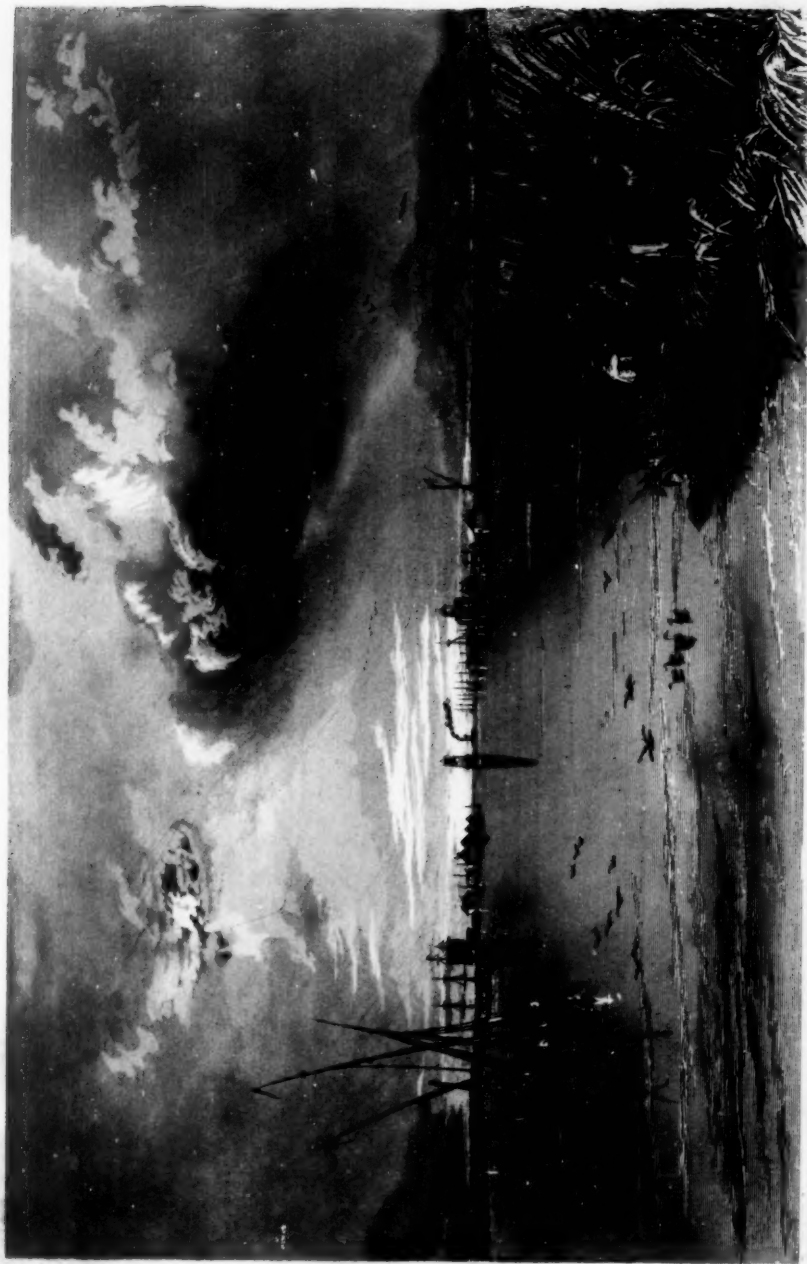
—
Upon a slumbering lake at night
The moon looks down in love,
And there, in chastened beauty bright,
A sister sphere of silver light
Seems bathing from above.

anon, an evil man comes near,
And a rude stone he flings,
Half in hate and half in fear,
To crush the calm, accusing sphere
That looks such lovely things.

He flung, and struck; and in swift race
Round ran the startled waves;
He triumphed for a little space;
But, see! how soon that same calm face
Again her beauty lavas.

So, friend, if envy hits thy name,
Be still; it passes soon;
Thy lamp is burning all the same;
And, even for that moonshine, Fame,
It must reflect its moon.





Salona, Mouth of the Danube

